The Relief Society Magazine

April, 1931

Vol. VXIII
No. 4

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

Vol. 18 April, 1931 No. 4

CONTENTS

Easter Morning ..... Frontispiece
The Spirit of Easter ..... Dr. George H. Brimhall 191
Tears (Poem) ..... Vesta Pierce Crawford 192
Women in Organization Work ..... Amy B. Lyman 193
Self-Giving (Poem) ..... Margaret P. Naisbitt 198
Branches Stretched Heavenward (Photo 199
A Spring Song ..... R. J. Green 200
April Showers ..... Terrance Sylvester Clennamaddy 200
Springtime ..... Camille C. Nuffer 201
Fragments from a Spring Day ..... Grace A. Woodbury 201
Zina Young Card ..... Annie Wells Cannon 202
Have You a "Clean Suds" Fetish? ..... Elsie C. Carroll 204
The Pine Valley Flood ..... Josephine Spencer 208
Contentment (Poem) ..... Merling D. Clyde 216
Exit Back Yard, Enter Out-door Living Room (Illustrated) .. Maud Chegwidden 217
The Afterglow (Poem) ..... Abbie R. Madsen 221
Notes from the Field 222
Notes to the Field 225
Forget It (Poem) ..... Sarah C. Maeser 226
Editorial—Easter 227
Anna Garlin Spencer 228
Another Victory for the Eighteenth Amendment 229
Lesson Department—Theology and Testimony 230
Work and Business 233
Literature 234
Social Service 238
Mother (Song with Music) ..... Alfred Durham 242
Explore Your Mind ..... Claire Stewart Boyer 244

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EASTER MORNING

From an Engraving by P. Habelmann, after the Painting by B. Plockhorst

THE
Relief Society Magazine

VOL. XVIII APRIL, 1931 No. 4

The Spirit of Easter

By George H. Brimhall
President Emeritus, Brigham Young University

No matter though the sky be dark
On Easter Sunday morn,
The season call for nesting lark
Or harvesting of corn.

No matter though the Easter feast,
Be in the tent or grove
Or gilded hall or shine of east
Its spirit must be love.

And gladness shall be hostess there
And Faith and Hope shall sing
Sweet Gratitude a crown shall wear
And Good-will shall be King.

THE thought behind the spirit of Easter antedates mortality. The resurrection was planned before the world was made, and its revelation to man runs concurrent with the life of the race.

"For behold, this is my work and my glory to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man." These are the words of the Lord to Moses, in the Book of Moses, as recorded in the Pearl of Great Price 1:39.

The soul of man becomes immortal through the resurrection or the reuniting of the spirit and body. The life worth living becomes eternal through the infinite extension of liberty and the pursuit of happiness. In this revelation the resurrection is made one of the two great objectives of the Lord's work with the inhabitants of this earth. And in the presence of the plan the parents of the human race were filled with gratitude and gladness, as shown in the following: "And in that day Adam blessed God and was filled, and began to prophesy concerning all the families of the earth, saying: Blessed be the name of God for because of my transgression my eyes are opened, and in this life I shall have joy and again in the flesh I shall see God. And Eve, his wife, heard all these things and was glad." Do we not have here in spirit the first celebration of the prospective resurrection?

Out of the depths of sorrow and woe Job arose to the apex of gratitude and gladness, for the hour of his greatest exultation is seen in his testimony of the resurrection: "Oh that my words were now written! Oh that they were printed in a book! That they were graven with an iron pen and lead in the rock forever! For I know that my redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall

I see God." This is gratitude and gladness at high tide.

THE Spirit of Easter is fostered by cumulative evidence. Some of the occurrences of the first Easter Sunday are recorded by Luke. On that first Easter angels from the tomb declared his resurrection, and it was there that Mary met him. On his way to Emmaus he reviewed the prophecies fulfilled through his advent from the grave, and revealed himself to two disciples while at meat. He met with his apostles and gave them physical proof of his resurrection by showing them his hands and feet. These events and more are but one day's evidence that the resurrection was a physical reality.

Christians revere Christmas and Easter as the two great days of the year. And of the two "Easter is greater, for it represents not merely life, but life victorious; not merely joy, but joy that has been tested and yet endures. The happiness of Christmas is the happiness of the child. The happiness of Easter is the happiness of maturity. Christmas represents the faith that faces life like the happy warrior. Easter represents faith that has been through the battle like the veteran. He who thinks that to be wise is to be sophisticated, and therefore cynical, has not graduated from the school of life."*

"The assurance of immortality alone is not enough. For if we are told that we are to live forever and still left without the knowledge of a personal God, eternity stretches before us like a boundless desert, a perpetual and desolate orphanage. It is the Divine Companionship that the Spirit needs first of all and most deeply."—*Henry Van Dyke.*

"Not another day of the year comes upon the earth with such universal acceptance as Easter. Although every Sabbath day is now changed to be a day of rejoicing for the resurrection of the Son of God, yet this is the annual and all-inclusive day, and is the Sunday of Sundays, which proclaims the resurrection of Christ from the dead with sounding joy and sympathy of the whole Christian world. Christ is risen! There is life, therefore, after death! His resurrection is the symbol and pledge of universal resurrection!"—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

"You will be brought forth from death to life again, just as surely as Christ was brought forth from death to life."—*Joseph F. Smith.*

The spirit of Easter is one of humility void of humiliation. The egg is symbolic of a life potentiality within, awaiting a something from without to complete the possibility of life. No egg can hatch itself, no one alone can be resurrected. In the presence of this knowledge the spirit of Easter is one of happy humility, and leads one to ask, "O why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

**The Outlook* for March 31, 1926.

Tears

By Vesta Pierce Crawford

Once I thought that nothing was
So cool as April rain,
So cool as winter snow against a window pane!

Once I thought that nothing was
So cool as ocean spray,
So cool as pebbled streams in caroled May!

But sorrow-crowned have come the years
And I have felt the touch of tears,
Their utter sharpness in a silent place,
Cold, wet tears brushed from my face!

Women in Organization Work

By Amy Brown Lyman

THERE has never been a time in the history of the world when women generally were so interested and so influential in public affairs as they are today. In the practical consideration of social and economic problems, in the field of human welfare, and in education, they are making important contributions. To substantiate this fact, one has only to make a survey of the work of women's organizations and of the activities of women as individuals.

This condition has come about gradually as the result of extended opportunities to women, such as college training, woman suffrage, and release of time and energy through labor saving methods and devices. It is a far cry from the position of women today back to the days when no woman could enter a college anywhere in the world, when no woman could vote, and when woman's sphere was limited to the four walls of her home.

The purpose of this article is to discuss very briefly the work and extent of the women's national organizations of the United States, rather than to feature the work or achievements of individual women in the various fields in which they have entered and are so successful, such as industry, education, business, and the official and professional world.

THE first organized effort of the women of the United States occurred in 1837, with the formation of the Female Anti-slavery Society. The next great cause in which they became interested was woman suffrage, which began with the organization of the Woman's Rights Convention at Seneca Falls, in 1848, and which finally culminated in the passage of the Susan B. Anthony amendment to the Constitution of the United States, seventy-two years later, in 1920, granting woman suffrage. In working for the freedom of the black man, American women discovered their own strength, learned the lesson of freedom for themselves, and began to organize their forces in their own behalf, as well as in the interest of humanity at large.

It is significant to note that midway between the organization of the Female Anti-slavery Society and the Woman's Suffrage movement, the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was organized (in 1842), and while it was limited in the beginning to one group and locality, it soon spread across the country.

These early organizations were soon followed by others until today there are more than three score in the country.

General Federation of Women's Clubs

By far the largest group of organized women is the General Federation of Women's Clubs, founded in 1889, and with a present membership of two million, eight hundred thousand. The object of this organization is to promote educational, industrial, literary, artistic, and scientifc culture, and to promote general welfare. A recent piece of work accomplished by this organization was a survey of both rural and

urban homes and a follow-up campaign instituted in connection with the American Home program. The result of the survey shows the equipment in almost eight million urban homes, and in forty thousand rural homes. The Federation is now conducting a follow-up campaign, the objective being to raise the level of efficiency of American home-making by ranging the nation's twenty-six million homes on the side of science and industry, in the struggle to eliminate waste and to conserve human and material resources.

Women's Christian Temperance Union

The second largest group is the Women's Christian Temperance Union, organized in 1874. The present membership of this organization is 600,000 women. The purpose of the W. C. T. U. is to educate public sentiment to the standard of total abstinence from the use of intoxicating liquors; to train the young in habits of sobriety and total abstinence; to secure the full benefits of the Eighteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution through law observance and law enforcement; to promote good citizenship and the general welfare. This organization considers prohibition as a child welfare measure and maintains that the government has a right to decide whether or not poisonous narcotics and drugs detrimental to child welfare may be freely distributed. When the organization was fifty years old, in 1924, the members raised one million dollars for scientific welfare work.

Young Women's Christian Association

The third largest group is the Young Women's Christian Association, organized first in 1858, and with a national board in 1907, and has a membership of 586,000. The purpose of this organization is to advance the physical, social, intellectual, moral, and spiritual interests of young women, and to promote growth in Christian character and service.

The National League of Women Voters

The National League of Women Voters is fourth in size, with a membership of 350,000 to 400,000. This organization is the child of and the successor to the National Woman's Suffrage Association, and was organized in 1920, following the passage of the Susan B. Anthony Amendment. The object of this organization is to promote education in citizenship, efficiency in government, needed legislation, and international cooperation to prevent war. It is now organized in practically every state of the Union, where regular educational work is being carried on.

The Supreme Forest Woodmen Circle

The Supreme Forest Woodmen Circle, founded in 1895, is a fraternal insurance organization for women with a membership of 130,560. The organization conducts a home for aged members and orphaned children.

The American Nurse Association

The American Nurse Association, organized in 1897, has a membership of 70,000. Its object is to promote the professional and educational advancement of nurses, to elevate the standard of nursing education, and to work for a better distribution of graduate nursing service.

The National Woman's Relief Society

The National Woman's Relief

Society, an auxiliary of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, was founded in 1842, and has a present membership of 62,550. In point of age and seniority, the Relief Society heads the list of national organizations in the United States. The Female Anti-slavery Society, organized five years earlier than the Relief Society, discontinued its work and went out of existence when slavery was abolished. The Woman's Suffrage Association, organized six years later than the Relief Society, ceased its labors after seventy-two years. The Relief Society has a two-fold program—welfare activities and educational work for its members. The aims and objects of the Society are to manifest benevolence irrespective of creed or nationality; to care for the poor, the sick and unfortunate; to minister where death reigns; to assist in correcting the morals and strengthening the virtues of community life; to foster love for religion, education, culture and refinement; to save souls; to raise human life to its highest level; to elevate and enlarge the scope of women's activities and conditions.

The Girls' Friendly Society

The Girls' Friendly Society, with branches in forty-four states, was founded in 1875, and has a present membership of 60,000. Its object is to uphold Christian standards of daily living in the home, in the business world, and in the community.

The National Federation of Temple Sisterhoods

The National Federation of Temple Sisterhoods (Jewish), was founded in 1913 and has a membership of 55,000. This group is the women's branch of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, which is comprised of the reform element of Jewry in America, and was organized for religious purposes. The aims of the organization as prescribed in its constitution are: to bring the Sisterhoods of the country into closer cooperation and association with one another, to quicken the religious consciousness of Israel by stimulating spiritual and educational activity, to make propaganda for the cause of Judaism, to espouse such religious causes as are particularly the work of Jewish women.

The Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association

The Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association, an auxiliary of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, was founded in 1869. Its membership is 54,000. Its object is to inculcate faith in God, provide religious and moral instruction, offer training for home-making and citizenship, and establish ideals in recreation and supply the highest type of leisure time activities. The problem of supervision of recreation for the L. D. S. Church has been assigned to the Young Men's and the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations, and great development has been shown in this field in recent years. A feature of the Y. L. M. I. A. is the establishment of summer camps in the canyons. A score of these are in operation and can accommodate 4,500 girls.

The Women of the Maccabees

The Women of the Maccabees was organized in 1886, and has a membership of 50,000. It is a mutual benefit insurance organization.

The Needlework Guild of America

The Needlework Guild of America was founded in 1885 and has grown from a small group of wom-

en to a present membership of 50,000. Its only requirement for membership is the giving of two or more new garments or a sum of money. Aside from this there are no dues or assessments. The object of the Guild is to collect and distribute once a year new and warm articles of clothing and household linen suitable for the inmates of hospitals, homes, and other charitable institutions. During a two year period recently, two million, five hundred thousand articles were distributed to individuals and institutions. In cases of disaster, the new garments have been especially appreciated by the National American Red Cross.

National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs

One of the most vigorous and active organizations of women in the United States is the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs, which was organized in 1919 to promote the interests of business and professional women, and to bring about a spirit of cooperation among them. Its present membership is 50,000. The organization has recently completed an occupational survey which made inquiry into every factor which can possibly affect the business or professional woman's choice of vocation —economic and psychological. This survey contained also a comprehensive study of salary scales, with causes for fluctuations in them. The Federation is actively interested in plans to encourage girls who expect to make business a career to continue through high school, and if possible, take additional training in business schools or colleges, before entering the business world. To this end a loan fund of $500,000 has been established. This organization is unique in that its membership is composed of actual wage earners who are economically independent as well as efficient and progressive.

The National Council of Catholic Women

The National Council of Catholic Women was founded in 1920. Its membership includes women representatives of every Catholic Diocese in America. Its purpose is to promote unity of thought and action among its members, and to preserve Christian social principles upon which the safety of the nation rests.

The National Council of Jewish Women

The National Council of Jewish women, organized in 1893, numbers 52,000. The program of this organization includes civic, religious, educational and social service activities. In its department of education, a number of scholarship funds are in operation. A new feature in the educational work is a department of vocational guidance and employment.

The National Motion Picture League

The National Motion Picture League, founded in 1913, has a membership of 25,000. The object of the League is to encourage production, exhibition and patronage of wholesome motion pictures, and to render constructive criticisms to producers before the pictures are released to the theatres. The League has no connection financially or in any other way with the motion picture industry. It is thus able to be impartial in its judgment and to be free from any domination by the industry.

The American Association of University Women

The American Association of

University Women was organized in 1882. Its membership consists of graduates from accredited colleges and universities only. The Association works for proper recognition of women on faculties and for adequate provisions at colleges for the housing, physical training and social life of women students. Another feature is the encouragment of women students by means of fellowship and scholarship.

National Council of Administrative Women in Education

This organization was founded in 1915 to promote and strengthen the interests of women executives in educational work and to raise professional standards of women educators.

The National Kindergarten Association

The National Kindergarten Association was founded in 1909 to secure the establishment of a sufficient number of kindergartens in the public schools to provide early systematic training for all of the nation's children.

The National Association of Colored Women

The National Association of Colored Women was founded in 1896, to obtain for colored women the opportunity of reaching the highest standards in all fields of human endeavor and to promote interracial understanding so that justice and good will may prevail among all people.

Health Organizations

There are a number of women's health organizations in the United States, such as Medical Women's National Association, organized in 1917; the Association of Women in Public Health, organized in 1920; the National Organization for Public Health Nursing, organized in 1920; and the Osteopathic Women, organized in 1920.

Patriotic Organizations

Women's patriotic organizations have been formed following the various wars in which America has participated, the object being to honor the memory of those who fell in war, to commemorate the deeds of soldiers and sailors, and to guard their welfare and that of their families. They are Daughters of the American Revolution; the Daughters of the Revolution; Ladies of the G. A. R.; Women's Relief Corps; Auxiliary to the Sons of Union Veterans of the Civil War; Daughters of Union Veterans of the Civil War; National Auxiliary, United Spanish War Veterans; Service Star Legion; Gold Star Mothers; Women's Auxiliary of American Legion.

Girls' Organizations

Three very interesting groups of girls' organizations are the Campfire Girls, organized about 1910; the Girl Scouts, organized in 1913; and the Bee-Hive Girls, organized in 1915.

The Primary Association

While the members of this group are composed of both boys and girls, this list would not be complete without the Primary Association, an auxiliary of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, which was organized in 1878, and has a present membership of 109,500. The purposes of this organization are threefold: religious instruction for children; supervision of leisure time; health program—convalescent care for children. All officers of this organization are women.

In contemplating this array of women's organizations, one is impressed with the extent of the work

and the varying fields of interest and endeavor covered. But, on second thought, two questions naturally arise. Are women over-organized? Is there not duplication of effort in all this work? These are pertinent questions and might apply also to the multiplicity of organizations generally—organizations of women, organizations of men, and organizations of both men and women.

There is no doubt that in organization work there is duplication of effort, and especially in department and committee work. But as time goes on, there is no doubt but that through experience, broader knowledge, and better understanding, there will come a closer union of effort and amalgamation of interests among the women's groups, and also between them and other national organizations composed of both men and women.

It has been a long, hard road that woman has traveled in the last one hundred years, seeking freedom, recognition, and an opportunity to assist with the world's work. In some instances, she may have gone to the extreme; nevertheless, she has made rich contributions along the way which have been constructive and beneficial and have helped to raise the standard of human life.

Self-Giving

By Margaret P. Naisbitt

The flowers in the garden are many,
And all of them are lovely,—
But the dainty pansies are the most friendly and generous.
Each morning from the time they begin to bloom,
They lift their little baby faces and ask to be picked.
The more they give of their little flowers
The more they *have* to give the next day, and every day,
Until the snow comes and takes them away.
And so it is with human life, with us,
The more we give of ourselves, our talents, our love, sympathy and understanding,
The more *we have* to give.
And like the pansy, the more numerous our gifts the bigger, the finer, and the better we grow and bloom.
So let us give and give today, and when tomorrow comes,
Our store will have increased to the advantage of those around us.
Then when winter comes for us, we shall leave behind,
Blossoms of self-giving that will never die.

All Year Club Photo.

BRANCHES STRETCHED HEAVENWARD

Spring, beautiful Spring, adds to Mother Nature a touch of life. Grasses peep from the ground and buds burst on the trees —burst into pretty blooms and add fragrance and beauty to the landscape.

There is something inspiring about the above sight—apricot trees in full bloom in northern California. The trees stretching their branches heavenward as if holding up their blossoms to God, who gave them life.—Glen Perrins.

A Spring Song

By R. J. Green

Hear the laughter and the singing
That the infant, Spring, is bringing
In her wake!
As from snowy bed she merges,
E'en the willows, oaks and birches
New life take!
Every bee and bird and flower
In each greening, budding bower
All astir
At the earliest peep of day
Each one busy in its way
Just for her.

See the glorious rosy morn
Of her drear and coldness shorn
Spread her rays!
Beauteous blossoms—every hue
Bathed with perfumed drops of dew
Homage pays!
And the fairy leaflets dance
Baby eyes look on askance;
All things new!
Birdlings twitter, chirp and sing
Dainty Cherub—lovely Spring,
All for you.

April Showers

By Terrance Sylvester Glennamaddy

April showers
And the flowers
Of spring.
Morning hours
In the bowers
Where robins sing.
Daffodils
Mid the rills
All day.
My heart fills
With thrills
And a lay.

Tulips bright
Over night
Have burst out.
Morning light
On the height
Makes me shout.
Dandelion
In Zion
Makes me sing.
When I'm dyin'
On cot lyin'
I hope 'tis spring.

Springtime

By Camille C. Nuffer

Joyous spring is on the wing;
And we shall all be gay,
When bleak old winter sheds her coat;
And slyly slinks away.
When chilly frost, to us is lost.
And spring has come to stay.

Balmy spring is on the wing,
And winter's fast retreating.
Loudly blows the old north wind,
Round barren cliff's a beating.
When Robinbreast, does build her nest
And sings her anthems gay.
Oh we shall all be happy;
When spring has come to stay.

Joyous spring is on the wing,
Old winter echoes low.
Daisies peep their naughty heads
From out beneath the snow.
When sparkling rills rush from the hills,
And dance through woodlands gay;
Oh we shall all be happy
When spring has come to stay.

Fragments from a Spring Day

By Grace A. Woodbury.

A dash of sunshine—
A splash of rain—
A golden measure of bird refrain.

A glimpse of the river—
A cool damp breeze—
A fragment of rainbow caught in the trees.

The blossoming pink of almond,
The white-robed apricot,
The weeping willow—tender green,
The brown plowed garden spot.

On hillsides, frail spring beauties,
Phacelia's dainty blue,
Anemones and brake fern,
Rocks with moss-green hue.

And weary man responding
To awakened appealing spring,—
Though his lips may refuse the impulse,
The heart within will sing.

Zina Young Card

A Memory and A Tribute

By Annie Wells Cannon

IN Memory's Book there are many lines recalling the spiritual uplift, the sweet influence, and the delicate charm brought into one's own life through the acquaintance and friendship of such women as Zina Young Card.

I can't remember when I did not know Zina, but during my childhood it was more in a nebulous way, as it were from a distance, when she and my older sisters mingled in their several activities. She became to me a distinct personality when I was about fourteen years old. At that time her mother, Aunt Zina Young of blessed memory, lived next door to us, having moved from the Lion House into a home of her own. There Zina also lived, after

she was married; there her two sons, Sterling and Tom were born, and there her husband, Thomas Williams, died.

Between her mother and mine there existed not only a neighborly association but an association in Church activities and public affairs which necessarily meant friendly intercourse between the two families.

Zina as I knew her then, Zina as I knew her later in a more intimate way, was ever the same—gentle, smiling, happy in girlhood and womanhood; proud of her name, of her heritage and of her people; confiding, helpful, hopeful, even to the end. When she lay dying she wrote to a friend, who had met a great sorrow, these tender words: "Sister, you are in my heart and thoughts every hour. God bless and comfort and sustain you. He will, I feel. I cannot see to write more. God bless you. I am your sister, Zina."

The comforting, saintly spirit expressed in these pencilled words, the last perhaps she ever wrote, are typical of her whole unselfish life.

ZINA YOUNG CARD was born in Salt Lake City, April 3, 1850. She was the daughter of Zina D. H. and Brigham Young and from both of these parents inherited a religious fervor and spiritual insight—which remained with her throughout her life. Her girlhood home was the historic Lion House, where with others of her father's large family she enjoyed the privileges of practical training in many lines under the guidance of her wise father.

Zina was one of the officers in the first Retrenchment Society. Her father, President Young, deeming it necessary to organize the young women of the Church, called his daughters together in the Lion House parlor and organized them, telling them "to be an example in matters of dress and conduct to all the daughters in Israel." Zina always tried to follow the admonition of her father in this respect and though neat and becoming in her dress, avoided extremes of fashion and extravagance. Gentle in word, and kind in heart she taught the young women righteous living, both by precept and example.

At eighteen she became the wife of Thomas Williams, a prosperous business man connected with the mercantile establishment of Zion's Cooperative Mercantile Institution and the Salt Lake Theatre. By him she had two sons, Sterling and Thomas. After six years of happy wedded life Mr. Williams died and the young widow with her two little boys moved to Provo, where she entered the Domestic Science department of the Brigham Young University to prepare herself for a career of teaching, a career she followed off and on for many years; serving at different times as matron of the Brigham Young University of which institution she was a Trustee at the time of her death; as matron of the Brigham Young College at Logan, and also matron of the Latter-day Saints University at Salt Lake City.

In 1884, Zina married Charles Ora Card. They went to Alberta, Canada, where he founded the Latter-day Saint mission. They took with them their first son, Joseph Young, who was born in Logan in 1885. Here she repeated, to a large extent, the pioneer work of her parents and endured many hardships, known only to those who settle in new lands. She became a saintly mother to the young women in this new unsettled community, nursed and cared for them in hours of travail, and encouraged them in hours of despondency.

Other children came to bless the home during the fifteen years residence in Canada, Zina Young, born in 1888, and Orson Rega, born in 1891. In 1903 the family moved back to Utah. Three years later Mr. Card died and Zina, again widowed, resumed her teaching.

Mrs. Card was a member of the General Board of the Primary Association for many years and traveled extensively in its interests.

She was a charter member and one time president of the society of the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers and always one of the most enthusiastic and active members of the central organization, giving much time collecting books and pamphlets, especially those pertaining to Church history and biography.

She accompanied Mrs. Emmeline B. Wells on her first visit to Washington to attend a National Woman's Suffrage Council and while there they presented a memorial to Congress in behalf of the people of Utah.

Many of the last years of her life were devoted to Temple work, where her ministrations and instructions to young women were blessings long to be remembered.

She was a loyal daughter of the pioneers who lived to see her beloved land pass from a desert to a garden. She shared in all the passing incidents from the days of the covered wagon to the horseless carriage and the airplane, and one who with all the rich experiences of passing time maintained a wonderful poise, a remarkable memory and a manner so gentle and so kind that blessed indeed were those who knew and lover her.

It was a lovely coincidence that her spirit passed from earth on the birthday of her beloved mother—January 31st, 1931.

Have You a "Clean Suds" Fetish?

By Elsie C. Carroll

I HAVE often thought that a tub of clean suds looks innocent in its calm, creamy, softness. Yet it is an insidious spirit making its way with regular periodicy into many well-regulated homes, and scattering, without a moment's warning, the serenest domestic tranquility.

A housewife who exhibits unerring judgment in most matters of life—who can dismiss a persistent book-agent with a dignified abruptness her husband might envy; who can say no with the finality of the Supreme Court when it comes to deciding important questions for Betty or Jack; who can argue with apparent soundness when it comes to preparing an indictment against the possibility of using the dining-room furniture another year, or the impossibility of getting along without a frigidaire—this housewife stands helpless before a tub of clean suds, her judgment shattered; her willpower, in all directions save one, turned to spongy nothingness. Yet in that one direction her will is dominant enough to defy husband, children, and if need be, health and happiness.

While this process of metamorphosis is going on, this transformation of a family-and-peace-loving woman into a sort of monomaniac whose one purpose in life is to get over as much surface of floors and woodwork as possible with that tub of seductive clean suds, she

stands before the tempter, Eve once more being beguiled by a serpent of destruction. She hesitates. Her glance travels through the basement window at the long line of snowy clothes fluttering in the sunshine, and her hand goes sympathetically to her aching back.

It *was* a big washing. There had been all the new tea-towels she had made last week, and the extra napkins from Betty's party, and Jack had had an unusual number of shirts. Then she had laundered the white counterpane from the spare bed and the white lamb's wool blankets. Why hadn't she done the tan or gray blankets instead, or one of the dark quilts? Then there would not have been all this lovely clean suds left?

She *was* tired. And she could feel those unmistakable rhuematic pains shooting through her shoulders and hips. They were becoming more and more frequent on wash days.—It would be terrible to get all crippled up with rhuematism like poor Mrs. Dennis. She looked up the stairs and thought of her own cool room with its soft, inviting bed waiting to rest her tired body.

She had counted on lying down for a couple of hours when she was through washing, before time to get supper.

She wavers.

Her hand reaches to turn the washer outlet. But it is lured to the surface of the innocuous suds. Her fingers stir lightly through its warm depths. Little mountains of soft bubbly foam spring up under her touch.

The thing is done! Eve has fallen!

She will forego the Eden of those hours of rest and relaxation in her peaceful room. She will doom herself to the wrath of a provoked husband, and querulous protests of unreasoning children.

A look of invincible determination comes into her face; her lips narrow into a grim line and her tired body straightens with the resolution of an invincible purpose.

Where shall she use the suds? Betty went over the kitchen floor this morning and Jack hosed off the front porch while he was watering the lawn.

The pantry shelves. They hadn't been cleaned for two weeks. There'd be suds enough for them and for the woodwork and floor of the sun parlor. Does she dare ask Jack to help? He made such a fuss over scrubbing the screened porch last week. He always declares he can't see a bit of dirt and that it is foolish to save suds just to make a fellow work.

Dipping out a bucketful of the vapid-looking suds, she marches to the foot of the stairs and her voice, bravely trying to sound casual and cheerful, floats up to break through the romantic enchantment that surrounds the boy curled up with a book in the library. "Jack, wouldn't you like to wash off the woodwork in the sunroom? I have such a lot of nice, clean suds left from the washing."

I shall considerately drop the curtain on the bit of domestic turmoil that follows.

THE other day I took a spring walk out toward the foothills. I was passing a neat little cottage on the outskirts of town when I heard a heated altercation taking place on an open back porch, from the post of which hung a line of freshly laundered clothes.

"I tell you I'm goin' to empty that tub of suds." The man's voice was deep and convincing.

"But, John, look how nice and

clean it is. It will just take me a minute or so to wash down the woodwork in the kitchen and wipe up this porch." There was a pleading note in the woman's tone.

"No! You didn't feel well this morning before you started to wash. Do you want to get down sick? You women with your clean suds, beat anything I ever saw. I tell you I'm going to empty that tub." I heard a resolute step followed by an alarmed little scream; then the woman's voice again, which had now lost its pleading note.

"John Banks, you just leave that suds alone." One could easily have imagined she was protecting an endangered child from some heartless monster. "You tend to your own affairs and leave mine to me. I tell you I'm going to use that suds. You just let it be."

I had to pass on to save myself from the appearance of prying, but an hour later when I returned from the foothills, I saw the worsted John sulkily hoeing in a small garden at the rear of the house, while the triumphant "missus" was wearily wiping up from the bottom porch step the last of her precious suds.

This interesting frugality in the direction of clean suds, is a subject to call forth analytic thinking. One observes, of course, that the tradition has a stronger hold on the older generation than upon the younger. For instance, my young daughter can pour out a tub of the loveliest suds without an apparent qualm of conscience. I must confess that it gives me a peculiar twinge of guilt to see her do it, in spite of the fact that I must recognize the saneness in her protests against saving it. While I have never been able to bring myself to the callous throwing away of suds that is absolutely clean and unsullied, I must admit that I sometime indulge in a compromise that would shock my scrupulous mother. When I have a tub of clean suds left, the old impulse, given me without doubt through inheritance and early training, is to dive into a siege of heavy, useless cleaning in spite of the clamor for rest of my already weary body. The new impulse, born of long struggles with masculine superiority and scarcasm on the subject of feminine inconsistency, and of innumerable wise discourses on efficiency from up-to-date offspring, is of course, to empty the suds without any to-do about it. A sort of brain-storm ensues when the two impulses clash, so I compromise by washing out in the clean suds some garment that I know will fade. When the suds is colored, even though its cleansing qualities are unimpaired, I can throw it away with a clearer conscience. So I should advise all women who are struggling between the old and the new impulses, to invest in a percale apron, or cheap gingham house dress of precarious colors, to be used as a convenient conscience anaesthetic.

It is easy to explain why this feeling for clean suds has its strongest hold on the older generation. It is but a reflection of those habits of frugality and thrift of our pioneer forefathers, the fruits of which we are now enjoying. Of course, the habit crops out in this age often with conspicuous incongruity. Some of the champion clean-suds hoarders, are reckless spendthrifts in other directions. To understand this we must look into the origin of the suds-saving tradition. It had its origin in the old rain-barrel and soap-kettle of Colonial times; in the old process of distilling lye, by a laborious process, from white wood-ashes, and of making soap from the carefully hoarded grease-scraps of half a year. When you think of

those primitive methods—the careful mixing of those grease scraps with the right proportion of water and lye, the weary hours of watching and skimming and testing and boiling until the mixture became clear and jelly-like; the cooling and cutting and drying and storing away of the precious product—when you think of all this, does it not take away, in a measure at least, the desire to laugh at the fetish for clean suds? Is it any wonder that in those days when a cube of home-made soap represented the careful preservation of hundreds of "rimmings" from greasy dishpans, and hours of back-breaking labor; when water had to be hauled in barrels from springs or streams perhaps miles away—is it any wonder it seemed almost sacrilegious to throw out nice clean suds, or that the "feeling" for clean suds should have persisted through the years of increased prosperity which followed those lean years of saving and toil?

As I have already mentioned, this feeling is often mixed with incongruity—with humor and pathos.

A short time ago I was visiting a friend whose charming mother still clings to the old tradition. Her daughter is trying to break her of the "clean suds" obsession. Granny always makes the toast for breakfast. Her toast is a perfection of culinary art—each slice an even golden brown; each slice buttered lavishly to its very edges, the butter melted into the pores and standing in little shining pools over the golden surface. One Sunday morning as Granny was generously buttering the stack of crisp slices, my friend said, "There, mother, go easy with the butter this morning. There's only another half pound to last through the day." Then she added laughingly, "I keep telling mother that if she would be a little more stingy with the butter on the toast, we wouldn't have to save suds." The poor old lady was so wounded at this remark she wouldn't eat any breakfast. One of her reverenced household *dieties* had been insulted.

A TUB of clean suds! What does it represent? A half bar of laundry soap at four or five cents a bar, two or three pails of water of which an endless supply may be had by the mere turning of a tap. What does it cause? Unnumbered family strifes; the sacrifice of precious leisure for rest, recreation, pleasurable companionship with children and friends; weary bodies and frazzled nerves—often sickness, doctor bills—early graves.

Should there not be a concerted effort on the part of reformatory forces to combat this insidious foe? Perhaps.—But if it were not clean suds, you can't be sure it wouldn't be a fetish for something else just as ridiculous.

The Pine Valley Flood

By the Late Josephine Spencer

IT goes against my blood," said Peggy rebelliously, "to think of you and Pa going over there to talk it over. If anybody tried a trick like that on me, I'd go to law first, and do my talking after. I can't see what Pa's taking so much pains for—with his papers all straight."

"It's just this, Peggy. Pete Haightly has got a half dozen o' the sheep-herders over there on his side, that'll swear the cattle's been stole or died off—or anything Pete tells 'em to. My idea is, Pete had the plan all made up to lie about the stock—when he got your father to agree to make it up to him out o' the property, if the profits failed to pay for his work."

"It's a mystery—Pa making such a promise, anyway," suggested Peggy frowningly.

"Oh, but it only would have been fair—with Pete takin' charge and seein' to the place over there, that he should have his pay for the work. The mean trick about it is—he's being more than paid—and now means to cheat your father out o' his share of the ranch, if he can."

"If I was Pa I wouldn't go near Pete. If he'd steal, he'd do any other wicked thing," said Peggy ominously.

"Oh, I guess he won't try to do your father any injury," said her mother. "With this deal on of the sale of the ranch, and the dispute he's raised—he would be too sure he'd be suspected. "He'd like to get hold o' them papers, though; that's why I was so bent on your father leavin' 'em home. If that crowd over there thought he had 'em with him, they wouldn't stop at any trick, to get 'em and destroy 'em. If Pete don't come to terms with me and Abe Snow goin' over there and testifying before the syndicate agents—why then the case'll have to go to law. Father's papers'll be proof enough in any court to show he's entitled to his half-interest."

"Then I'd let Pete Haightly do the troubling and come to me," said Peggy.

Amelia Hickley smiled. Peggy's well-known characteristics of simultaneous thought and action, made it certain that the case would have been as she said. It was, in fact, an axiom in the entire Pine Valley region that Peggy Hickley was "the best man and woman of the whole Hickley lot." Every one in the valley knew how Peggy, two years since, when she was only twelve years old, while her parents were absent on a three days' visit to the "other ranch"—had not only cleaned the house from porch to kitchen—taking up carpets, and laying them—to say nothing of scrubbing floors and woodwork and furniture—but had put a bright coat of paint on the porch and all the outside window casings—"a job" that her father with characteristic consistency had been promising to do and putting off for an indefinite number of years—Peggy's innovation making the place to shine inside and out, as it had never done before since the Hickley's advent into the valley.

There were other minor things, too, that had helped to build up Peggy's reputation for "smartness"—the Pine Valley opinion being materially coincided in by Peggy's par-

ents—who were provided with innumerable testimonies, in the daily life lived with Peggy—that the rest of the world knew not of.

Peggy's character was such, in fact, that she had—since the passing of her tenderest years—been entrusted with a large share of the family's responsibilities. But nothing else had figured in her mind like the predominant importance of having the precious papers entrusted to her charge during her parent's absence.

Ned, who was two years older than Peggy, had not been taken into council concerning the papers, or purpose of his parents' trip to the ranch—Ned's well-known proclivity for retailing bits of family history about the valley, being a serious reason for keeping the affair from him for the present;—and Ben and Lennie were of course too young to share the important secrets of the family—being respectively but six and three years old.

But Peggy's pride in her responsibility did not equal her ire at the occasion of it.

"They started in to cheat Pa if they could," she still opposed stoutly—ignoring her mother's deprecating shake of the head; "and if I was Pa I wouldn't go over there begging for my rights, when I had the law on my side."

"Well, father thinks its better to settle it up without any trouble if he can—"

"Yes, that's Pa—of course," assented Peggy scathingly. But the corners of her firm little mouth softened in a moment, and her black eyes filled with tears. Her father was her dear comrade—she loved him with all the strength of her loyal heart, but his disposition to yield disputed ground, whether abstract or actual, on the score of "keeping peace" was a sore bug bear to the fiery Peggy.

"It makes me about as mad as a hornet to think of Pete trying to cheat anyone as easy and good as Pa," she declared.

"Well, he can't do it, Peggy—unless something happens to the papers."

Peggy's black eyes flashed.

"There shan't anything happen to 'em while you're gone—if I'm alive to look after 'em," she said.

"We ain't a bit afraid you're goin' to let 'em out o' your sight," her mother said. "There—hand me my shawl, Peggy. Here's your father with the wagon."

Peggy kissed her parents good-bye—and when they drove away, stood in the doorway and watched the wagon out of sight. Ned and the two children were going to the station—Ned to bring back the wagon, and the children, because it would be easier for Peggy to get the breakfast dishes washed, and the house straightened in their absence.

When the wagon disappeared, Peggy set to work—her deft fingers soon setting the untidy kitchen and bed-rooms in order.

She took the precaution of locking the door while she was alone—for though the seclusion and peace of Pine Valley were such as to make such care ordinarily unnecessary, either by day or night—the fact of the important papers being left in her charge, moved Peggy to cautious measures.

THE Hickley homestead was not in the valley, where the rest of the colony was gathered, but stood on the slope of the foot-hills some little distance from the canyon—whose streams watered the farms that lay clustered near the southern part of the valley.

The nearest house to Hickley's

was that of Amos Riser whose ranch lay two miles westward near the base of the "Point o' the Mountain" —a name given to a hill-spur whose terraced slope jutted in a crescent shape eastward from the further stretch of the surrounding mountains—and thus situated, Peggy felt that discretion, at least, was justifiable—though there really existed no probable danger of her molestation.

It was nearly seven miles to the railway station—and the time seemed long before she heard the welcome sound of the returning wagon from the road leading to the house.

Ned drove up to the door, and the two children came dashing in pell-mell, hurrying to get out of the rain, which had commenced a slight patter some little time before.

While Ned drove the wagon to the barn, and unhitched the horses, Peggy put dry clothes on the children and re-built the kitchen fire, which had gone out.

Not that it was very cold—to be sure—being late in May—but the sky had grown so dark that she wanted the shine of the bright flames for company.

By the time Ned came in from the barn, the rain's slow patter had changed to a steady downpour, making the air so chill in a short time that the fire was needed for comfort as well as cheer.

They all sat around it—Ned mending his fishing gear, and Peggy darning stockings and telling stories to the children until noon, when Peggy prepared lunch. Afterwards she and Ned made molasses candy and had a pulling-bee for the benefit of Ben and Lennie, who by this time were fidgety, and inclined to be rebellious about staying indoors.

At sunset the skies cleared a little, but an hour later sent down a steady downpour, which, with occasional short lapses, kept up all night.

The doors were shut and securely fastened at dark, and for the safety of the precious papers Peggy herself slept in the bed under which the oak chest was kept where they —with the other family valuables were locked.

No one could get at them without making a noise—for her father had taken the key with him, and to open the stout oak chest without it, meant both time and trouble. Peggy lay awake till nearly midnight imagining her possible line of defense, in case of the advent of "some of the Haightly gang" into the house in an attempt to capture the coveted deeds of agreement upon which so much depended.

But no thief disturbed Peggy's watch that night—and her imagined plans of circumvention were not called into play.

The foe which was to challenge Peggy's reserve-power of reliance and courage was far more formidable than her human enemies; and being unimagined—one which her ingenious foresight might not forestall.

IN the morning the sun shone, and the children influenced with its infection of cheer, and the re-action from yesterday's gloom, arose with buoyant spirits.

They had just finished the breakfast Peggy's deft fingers had prepared, and the children were putting on their hats to go out, when they heard the clatter of horses' hoofs dashing up to the door, and a man's voice called sharply from outside.

Ned went to open the door, with Ben and Lennie following close at his heels.

It was George Hickman, one of the hands from the saw-mill which

was located some two miles up the canyon near the big reservoir.

He held his horse, whose mouth and nostrils were white with foam, reined close to the steps—and spoke breathlessly as Ned appeared.

"Tell your father to step out here, quick," he said.

"Father ain't here," said Ned. "Him and mother went away yesterday."

The man muttered something under his breath.

"Have you got horses here—anything to carry you over to the foothills?" he asked anxiously.

"There's three," Ned answered. "The span of sorrels and the bay mare—"

Hickman interrupted him.

"Get on one and ride over to the 'Point o' the Mountain' as quick as you can. A cloud burst last night just above the reservoir, and that and the rainfall have strained the dam. There's a leak, already, and the bank may give way any time. Don't wait for saddles—I want you to take the word to Amos Riser's people—it'll be right on your way to the Point. I can't take time to ride round there—I've got to warn the valley. How many of you are there?" he asked, reining in suddenly, as Peggy's startled face appeared over Ned's shoulder.

"Four," said Ned.

An anxious look disturbed Hickman's face. Four—with Ned, the oldest of them, a mere boy, and the littlest a baby.

"I'll take the little girl with me," Hickman said, "and the rest of you will have to do the best you can for yourselves. Don't stop for anything—get on your horses and ride over to Riser's and the hills as quick as you can."

He leaned over and lifted Lennie from the step, putting her in front of him—and galloped away down the valley.

For a moment the three children stood staring at each other in silence—their minds dazed by the suddenness of the news, and the threatened danger.

It was Peggy's practical mind that first sensed the situation, and suggested instant action.

"We'll have to put bridles on Moll and the bay mare," she panted, leading the way to the barn, "and Ned, you must take Ben on the mare with you. She will ride faster than either of the team horses—and there's no time to lose if we are going to warn the Riser's."

It took but a moment's time to put the bridles on the two horses. All the children were used to riding without saddles—so there was no need, even if there had been time—to wait for them.

Ned lifted Ben to the bay mare's back, and leaped on behind him.

"You'd better hurry, Peg," he called out impatiently. "Seems to me after what George Hickman said you'd have sense enough not to stay here mooning."

It was unusual to have to prompt Peggy to action—but in this case it really seemed necessary.

She had stepped on to the watering trough that stood near the barn, to enable her to mount her horse—but had stopped suddenly, and stood there with her hand on Moll's bridle, her eyes fixed on the ground in intense and serious thought. She looked up at Ned's rebuke, and spoke almost in a whisper. "I forgot, Ned," she said, her face paler than it had been before—"I forgot Pa's oak chest under the bed. There's all his papers, and money and everything in it."

Ned's face seemed to take a paler hue. Though not aware of the precise contents of the chest, he knew

that it contained whatever of value belonged to the family—the fact of its being kept jealously guarded by his parents, suggesting that the contents were precious at least to them.

In the excitement of the sudden news, Ned, like Peggy, had forgotten all else but the necessity for instant flight, and as Peggy spoke, there came to both of them for the first time, the sense of what the event would mean in case the flood came—even if they themselves should escape. The house and all that it contained—the barn, the wagon—all the property they owned, in fact, except the bare acres of ground on which they stood—all would be swept away.

"Did Pa leave the key to the chest here?" asked Ned with a gleam of hope in his tone.

"No," answered Peggy.

"Then it's all up," said Ned. "We can't carry the chest, horse-back."

"No," said Peggy hopelessly. Ned glanced anxiously beyond her towards the mouth of the canyon.

"There's no use stopping here to worry about it," he said.

"If I could break the box open—" commenced Peggy, her face brightening.

"George told us not to wait for anything," interrupted Ned, "and besides, there's the Riser's. They won't know anything about this—till we get there."

Peggy leaped on Moll's back, her quick sense of duty quelling all hesitation. Where human lives were at stake, her father's interests—important as they were—must be set aside.

As they rode to the gate, Peggy glanced towards the valley.

Hickman had ridden swiftly—and she could see people in evident commotion outside the farm houses below—many of them already on horseback and in wagons, fleeing towards the foothills—which fortunately for them, rose not far from the populated portion of the valley. The three children were in fact further from safety than the other inhabitants—the "Point of the Mountain" being nearly two miles distant. Then, too, they must take time to stop at the Riser farmhouse.

Ned's eyes and thoughts had followed Peggy's, and he glanced apprehensively once more towards the canyon.

"I guess the dam ain't broke yet," he said, "or we could hear the water roaring in the canyon."

The cloud on Peggy's face suddenly lightened. The dread of the water's bursting suddenly from the near canyon-mouth, had kept her nerves strained each instant since Hickman's coming—but Ned's words awakened a sense of partial assurance in her heart.

They must certainly hear the roar of the waters, if they had already burst their bounds—the mile of canyon way, with the high, resounding walls of the mountains to send out echoes—making previous warning certain.

If one only knew—there might be time, yet, to burst the lock of the chest, and save at least the papers, upon which so much depended. Peggy shuddered to think what their loss—with all that which was threatened by the impending flood—would mean to them.

With Peggy, to think, in case of emergency—was to act. They were just out of the yard when she turned suddenly to her brother, reining in her horse, as she spoke.

"Ned—I'm going to try and break open the chest and save father's papers. The flood ain't started yet, and maybe won't for a long time. We mustn't stop to talk," she interrupted, as Ned, scowling, uttered angry resistance; "you don't know

all there is at stake. If you'll do your part and let the Riser's know—and then get Ben safe to the Point—I'll take care of the rest."

Peggy did not stop to parley—nor in truth did Ned. The latter was too well acquainted with Peggy's pecularities of disposition to doubt the eventual outcome of argument, even if indulged in—and besides, his own fear—sharpened wits told him the necessity of the instant performance of Peggy's instructions.

When Peggy leaped from her horse to the doorstep, therefore, her quick glance, darted backward as she threw Moll's bridle over the post of the porch railing—saw the brown mare, with Ned and Ben tightly hugging her back—flying swiftly down the road towards the Riser farmhouse.

Peggy drew a quick gasp of mingled relief and apprehension. It was one sensation to know that the children were on the way to safety—and another to feel that she herself was absolutely alone—with the fateful canyon yawning like a dragon's mouth—threatening momentary destruction.

All that had passed since George Hickman's coming, both in thought and action, had taken few more moments than the telling; and in much less time, Peggy had run to the kitchen—seized the ax from the woodbox and was in the bedroom pulling the oak-chest from its place under the bedstead.

Hack! Hack! Peggy lifted her ax aloft and struck blow after blow upon the unvielding oaken lid. The chest had been made for utility in a region where banks were far off and vaults and safes were untransportable luxuries—and its iron locks and clamps and bindings, combined with the hard wood, made a hopeless task of Peggy's efforts to demolish them. It was no shame to her that, when, finally, she knew her task hopeless, the tears blinded her eyes so that she could hardly see her way to the door. For the first time she almost regretted that she had let Ned go. Perhaps together they might have managed the chest. But then, there was Ben and the Riser's.

Peggy leaped on Moll's back, and for the second time set forth on her flight. As she reached the corner of the house her glance fell on an object standing outside the barn. The wagon! In her first moments of frenzied fear Peggy had not thought of that. The harnessing would have meant too much time then. But now, since she had stayed so long without harm—why give up, when a few moments perhaps would save the chest and its precious contents?

Peggy felt quite sure of being able to manage the chest in this way for though it was strong, and awkward—it was not so heavy that her lithe young muscles—trained with the household work—could not lift it into the wagon. An impossible burden for the horse's back—it would be a light one for the team.

How foolish, indeed, not to have thought of it at first. Peggy's heels dealt Moll's flangs a sudden sharp blow. A moment later she had reached the barn, and was leading Moll's mate and Moll to the wagon—where with a skill born of frequent practice, she soon had the team harnessed. It seemed an age to her, though, till she was back in the house again—tugging away at the oak-chest.

It took hardly a moment to drag it to the doorstep, but there came the most difficult part of her task.

She had backed the wagon to the edge of the steps—the slope upon which the house was built aiding her plan by bringing the end of the wagon almost level with the steps. With the end-board out, she had

only to lift the trunk a little distance and shove it into the wagon. Spite of her strength it was a hard task and when it was done—and the end-board replaced, the trembling in her hands was not all caused by fear. Peggy sprang to the seat and gave both horses the whip—sending a last fearful look towards the canyon, as they dashed down the road.

A long stretch to safety it was, with that unspeakable terror threatening behind.

The road, save for herself, was quite lonely—its only traffic at all being the families of the mill hands who lived in the canyon above the reservoir—and the Riser farm people who lived beyond.

Peggy could not doubt that the latter, with Ned and Ben, were well on their way to the slopes of the Point by this time, and though the thought gave her relief—she could not help wishing that someone were near to ride with her.

She reached the bend made by the rise of ground—and from here could see both the Riser farm, and the Point, beyond—and could distinguish figures moving about on the level strips that terraced the hillside.

Doubtless they were, Ned and Ben, with the Riser family and farm hands. The clear atmosphere made the hills seem very near, and this, with the sight of the people gathered there—gave Peggy a sense of relief.

Peggy again laid the lash on Moll and Doad—the animals, unused to such severe discipline, dashed forward at a speed that rapidly lessened the distance between them and the hills.

Peggy drew a long breath of relief and triumph. How glad she was that she had waited! Though their house would be lost to them—everything else of value that belonged to her parents was in the trunk—and that was safe.

She had often heard her father say that if he could sell his share in the other ranch—he would tear the "old shack" down, and put up a new house, so that with the papers saved, and the sale to the English syndicate pending—the flood, if it came—might not be so disastrous after all.

Just then Peggy's heart gave a great thump—and in an instant the blood in her body seemed to have turned to ice. Far behind, from the direction of the canyon, came a sound as of a dull clap of thunder—yet the sky was like turquoise. The sound did not cease—but rolled into a long, continuous roar, that constantly came nearer. There was no mistaking what the sound meant. The dam of the reservoir had given way—and the water stored in the lake above, was rushing down to the valley.

With sudden desperate energy Peggy sat up and took the reins in a firm grasp, and with another stinging blow from the whip—brought the horses to their best speed. The Point was so near now, that she could see the people gathered there, wildly gesticulating—the faint sound of their voices, raised in shrill cries—reaching her above the clatter of the bouncing wagon and horses hoofs.

With the lines and whip held in a tight clasp, Peggy set with strained eyes fixed on the hills. They were quite near now, and she could hear the words the people were shouting.

Suddenly, once more, Peggy's heart gave a leap, and then seemed to stand still. The dull roar behind her broke suddenly into a great turmoil of splashing and hissing—like the leap and splash of a monstrous waterfall. Peggy looked back. The flood had reached the mouth of

the canyon, and breaking there in a mimic Niagara—spread itself out—a great gray sheet—over the foothills, and came rolling onward swiftly to the levels of the valley.

Peggy had time to note, in her brief glance, how quickly the face of the flood narrowed the distance between it and herself. She was nearing the Point now—and could see Amos Riser, with his eldest son and two hired farm hands running down from the upper slope of the hill towards her.

They were calling out words of encouragement—and above these she could hear the shrill voices of his mother and wife, who with Ned and Ben, were uttering cries of terror.

It was only a little further now—but she was driving up hill, and the horses, spent with their unaccustomed speed, were commencing to lag.

The steady swish and roar of the waters were sounding close at hand now, and before Peggy had time to realize that the worst had come—the flood caught the wagon, lifting it and the horses bodily on its strong tide—and bore them onward.

But it had not far to carry them. Close in front the Point loomed—and as the water swept them to the edge of the high banks made by its terraced slope—Peggy, dazed and hopeless—saw Amos and the three younger men scrambling down the slope, with their arms outstretched—all of them shouting to her to jump.

Before she could obey, however, Sol Riser's hand grasped the halter of the plunging horses close to the bits; then the other three laid hold—and tugging and yelling they pulled the struggling horses up the slope—Peggy, a moment later, finding herself still sitting on the wagon-seat, pulled high and dry upon the comparative level of the Point.

THERE were no fatalities listed in the record of the Pine Valley flood. George Hickman's timely warning gave each human being of the little colony time to reach the near hills—only the personal property of the people suffering material damage from the waters. Happily—almost all houses were left standing, though the water stood, for all that day, window high in the rooms of the cottages.

Only the Hickley and Riser homes went down—the flood's greatest force being spent near the upper foothills.

Widow Sharkey, whose curiosity was one of the exciting themes of the valley, was heard to declare disappointedly after the first few days' excitement had passed, that "if we'd only know'd how it was all goin' to turn out we might have set up on our roofs and enjoyed the sight—'stead of turnin' tail and runnin' and hidin' our faces in our skirts up there on the hills, fear o' some o' our neighbors being swept to glory."

Peggy was the only real heroine in the valley; and when the waters had subsided, and the community began to regain its usual calm—the story of her rescue of the trunk became the sensation of the Pine Valley region.

As to John and Amelia Hickley—who hurried home at first word of the flood—their hearts sore with anxiety and dread—no words existed, in their opinion which were able to express adequate justice to Peggy's exploit.

"We'd all be beggars today, if she hadn't saved the chest," her father said. "All I've got to say is, that if the law-suit comes out all right—I'm going to put Peggy in a place where her education'll have a chance

to catch up with her wits. I'd like folks to see what sort of a girl, such a span as that harnessed together'll turn out."

When the case was settled, John Hickley came in for a half share of the purchase money paid by the syndicate for the "other ranch"—a sum so generous as to make him independent of the sterile acres from which he had eked a bare living for many years, and which he was glad to sell to the syndicate for grazing land—at a price, which, though not large, yet helped to furnish the new home in the city where they were henceforth to live.

The people in Pine Valley declared amongst themselves that the flood was "a mascot for the Hickley's"—the opinion of the majority being that in spite of the ranch sale John Hickley's natural inertia of temperament made it probable that "the old shack" would have served as the roof-tree of the family for years to come—had not the flood acted as a progressive agent, and laid it in ruins.

"I don't know about that," said one, however, to whom this view was expressed. "I heard Peggy say once that if the family ever had money, she'd never rest till they moved to some place where it was worth while to git out of bed mornin's; and someway, whatever Peggy sets her mind on seems to go through—like the oak chest that time of the flood. I'll bank all my money on it, though, 'twas Peggy's idea—gettin' out o' the valley. All John Hickley had to do with it is to put Peggy's plan in pants."

Contentment

By Merling D. Clyde

The far-away birds are singing,
  The far-away flowers are in bloom,
But hearts that are near are dearest,
  Our birds sing the sweetest tune.

Distance may lend its enchantment,
  But the view is more perfect here,
If we look with clear, unbiased love
  On familiar objects near.

There's no use in going somewhere
  To wander sad and alone,
For the best is here at our doorsteps
  And the rainbow's end is Home.

Exit Back Yard, Enter Out-door Living Room

By Maud Chegwidden, Garden Editor, Salt Lake Tribune

"A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!
Rose plot,
Fringed pool,
Fern grot—
The veriest school
Of peace; and yet the fool
Contends that God is not.
Not God in gardens! when the eve is cool?
Nay, but I have a sign!
'Tis very sure God walks in mine."

—*Thomas Edward Browne.*

YEARS ago that anomalous piece of ground directly behind the house, which was not seen from the street and so received scant attention when it came to beautifying the property, was called the backyard—an ugly name for an ugly place, usually of bare beaten earth or straggly weeds, and frequently the depository of tin cans, the dog's dinner-bones, and other rubbish.

Nowadays, however, more attention is being paid to this area of the home grounds than to any other, and it has become the fashion to call it the outdoor living room, and to make of it an open air sitting and dining room. In our beautiful Utah climate every home should make an outdoor living room in the rear of the house, for we may spend hours and hours of rich and peaceful living there.

It is not a hard job to make a secluded beauty spot in the rear of your home. Once you have persuaded friend husband to do the heavy digging for you, all of the rest is quite within a woman's powers. You will often find that he himself will become so enamored of the garden work that it will be a race between you to see who reaches the spade or hoe the first. Working side by side, together making a charming spot for the enjoyment of family and guest, is the ideal way.

MOST important of all in this outdoor living room is the boundary. You would not think of living in a house without walls, where all and sundry might gaze at your daily occupations, would you? and no more may this new garden we are to make be without walls—not walls of brick and mortar, but of beautiful green drapery on snowy lattice fences, or of a choice selection of flowering shrubs. The floor is already there, to be carpeted with emerald grass and edged with flower borders; and the roof is the blue sky, patterned with clouds or stars.

If you are able to have a picket fence, or a lattice fence, painted white, you have a beautiful foundation for growing vines or climbing roses. The first year you would need to choose the annual vines, which would grow, bloom and spread quickly all in the first sum-

mer. These will fill the time until the slower growing but permanent perennial vines are getting a good start.

Excellent annual vines include morning glories, canary climbers, cardinal climbers and even nasturtiums. The wild cucumber is a fine vine which grows fifty feet in a season in rich soil, and which seeds itself from year to year. The fragrant sprays of creamy flowers and the odd, prickly fruits are alike attractive. The scarlet runner bean is perhaps best of all, for not only will it give handsome scarlet flowers which are beloved of the humming birds, but it gives luscious beans which, picked while young and tender, are cooked exactly as string beans are.

Another splendid annual vine for draping over your fence is the moonflower. This gives large, heart shaped leaves, with the most exquisits white flowers, six or more inches in diameter, like a glorified morning glory. The flowers only open as evening approaches, and one may stand in admiration and watch the waxy petals unfold, and so see one of God's miracles. A moonflower vine, seen in the moonlight, is almost too lovely.

Seeds of these annual vines may be sown about the beginning of May outdoors, if you think there will be no hard frosts after that time. The scarlet runner bean is tender, so take no chances if you expect frost. The moonflower, too, is a late bloomer and so may give a longer period of bloom if the seeds are planted indoors in tiny pots or tins, and then by the time you are able to place them outdoors with safety they will be nice large plants. The little cans which contain spices

are excellent for starting seeds this way in fine soil, a few seeds in each, providing you punch a hole for drainage in the bottom.

Perennial vines are of course the best to use on your fence although they will give little result the first year. Many of these may be grown from seeds or from rooted slips, but purchased roots give quicker results, and they should be planted before the beginning of May as a rule.

The silver lace vine (polygonum Auberti) is a lovely vine, which twines around its support and will be covered from midsummer until frost with fleecy cream colored flowers. Climbing honeysuckle is the most fragrant vine I know, and also the most successful for a shady position, although it will grow in full sun, too. The perennial peas, (lathyrus latifolius) are splendid for fence-work, and come in white, pale lavender, and deep rosy pink. They have no perfume but are constant bloomers.

Another vine for perpetual bloom is the scarlet trumpet honeysuckle; this has no fragrance, but the clusters of coral-colored, tubular flowers are beautiful. The Chinese wisteria may be grown on a fence, and will be the most beautiful thing in sight when it is hung with its racemes of purple flowers, but this vine is sometimes temperamental and takes years to bloom; however, the leaves are handsome and worth while, even without the flowers.

Perhaps you wish climbing roses to form the walls of your outdoor living room. I like these roses in this position better than on an arch, particularly where there are little children in the family, for it is so easy to have young faces and limbs scratched with the cruel thorns.

ANY BACK YARD MAY BE MADE AS ATTRACTIVE AS THIS ONE

Crimson rambler and Dorothy Perkins are, I believe, the two climbing roses most universally grown, but there are many varieties just as cheap and far superior. Both of these two suffer from mildew on the leaves, and this powdery looking effect is to be deplored. Omit these roses if you can, and try some of the newer introductions.

No white climbing rose can surpass Silver Moon, which has the most exquisite buds of pale yellow before the full white flowers open, to display the charming golden stamens. Two of the best pink roses are Dr. Van Fleet and Mary Wallace. The former is pale pink, so delicate and fragile in appearance that one thinks it is too lovely for this earth. Mary Wallace gives beautiful rose-pink flowers, formed like miniature bush roses.

Red climbers among the roses are always beloved by men, and they will revel in the brilliant scarlet blooms, carried in clusters and each flower very large, of Paul's Scarlet climber. Whatever you do, never plant this rose near the Climbing American Beauty, which has flowers of a magenta tint terrible to behold when near the scarlet. The Climbing American Beauty, however, is a fine plant and one of the earliest to bloom.

You have now a sufficient list of tried and trusty vines from which you may choose to grace your fence. Even a common wire fence will soon be a thing of beauty thus draped.

Inside the fence, if your lot is large enough, a planting of mixed shrubbery will both add beauty and usefulness. Shrubs may be chosen which will give bloom from April until frost. You must not crowd the shrubs, however, allowing at least six feet for the larger sorts to grow gracefully and symmetrically.

If the neighbor has an ugly garage, or a chicken coop, or any other outbuilding which is no asset

to the appearance of your garden, screen it from view by planting tall growing shrubs there. Suitable ones are the bush honeysuckles, with either white or pink flowers later forming bright red berries, beloved of the birds; the elderberries, both the native sort and the golden-leaved variety, with huge flat clusters of creamy flowers and dark, rich looking berries afterwards; the mock orange blossoms, with fragrant white flowers in June, and the lilacs, those sweetest things of all. Try the Persian lilac, or some of the new hybrid French lilacs, instead of the common old-fashioned sort.

If you want bloom on your shrubs from earliest spring, choose several specimens of the forsythia or golden bell, that shrub which bursts into golden glory in April, before the leaves appear. Then there is the flowering almond, in either pink or white, and the snowy bridal wreath, called spirea Van Houtte in the catalogues, and the cydonia japonica or flowering quince, all for bloom in May and June.

Later in summer comes the butterfly bush or summer lilac, (buddleia variabilis) and the althea or rose of Sharon, which will remain in flower until frost. The butterfly bush will give you a terrible shock the first year you grow it, for it winterkills right back to the ground in our climate; but next year it will spring up as good as new, and will flower profusely again.

Dwarf shrubs, which never grow taller than three or four feet, are sometimes needed. One of the best of these is the snowberry, symphoricarpus racemosus, and almost as good is its cousin the coralberry, symphoricarpus vulgaris, both of which have the faculty of living and thriving in the shade. Each shrub has tiny pink flowers in summer, followed by handsome berries, snowberry having large milk-white ones and coralberry small ruby-purple ones.

There are two spireas among the dwarfs which are very useful. One is Anthony Waterer, the other Froebel's spirea; they grow about two and a half feet tall, and have flat clusters of deep pink or red flowers. You must try the hypericum if you want an unusual and beautiful dwarf shrub. This has bright golden flowers, each with a prominent center of stamens, and the yellow flowered shrubs are quite scarce. The Japanese barberry, that thorny creature which turns such brilliant colors in the fall, and is hung with red berries, must not be forgotten.

Now we have learned how to enclose with living walls of beauty our outdoor living room. Next month the flower borders will have our attention, along with the lawn, which is most important.

The Afterglow

By Abbie R. Mcdsen

Out of the grime, and after the tears,
Out of the dust, and after the years,
There comes a joy—if we'ed have it so
The peace and joy of the afterglow.

Dark though the shadows loom on the way
Hard though the labors with little for pay,
Peace in the offing bekons I know
The peace and joy of the afterglow.

Notes from the Field

Ensign Stake:

SOME months ago the Ensign Stake Relief Society presidency and board members entertained all of the Relief Society members of the Ensign stake, wishing especially to honor the sisters who had given long years of untiring service to the great Relief Society cause. The party was also in recognition of the teachers' efforts and those who had cooperated so willingly in every endeavor. Each ward had a most attractive display of handwork completed during the year. Many lovely articles adorned the large assembly room, and the great variety of work displayed proved the ingenuity and thrift of the good sisters, depicting a real story of busy hands and an unfolding of real accomplishments. President Alice B. Castleton, a real Relief Society stimulator, welcomed over four hundred guests at this genuinely hospitable entertainment. A little play written by Jane Cutler Weaver was presented by the 20th ward Relief Society. Mrs. Weaver read the verses, and as she did so, the different characters appeared in costume to the accompaniment of suggestive and beautiful music. A boys' chorus and a dance number by two little girls completed the program of the afternoon, after which mirth and happiness reigned when prizes were given to the sisters establishing the best record during their Relief Society experiences. The awarding of prizes was really an amazing feature, for example, the one to whom the prize was given for raising the best flowers read: "These lovely flowers my garden enhanced; I knew I'd get a prize if given half a chance." Later in the afternoon in the 21st ward Relief Society rooms the guests were served a delicious luncheon. Altogether it was voted a most delightful affair, and the following little verse typifies the spirit of the occasion:

"It is good to live
When the years are young,
And the buds
Give promise of flowers.
But it's better to live
Till the blooms have come
And the fruit
Has followed the showers."

Big Horn Stake:

AS ever, Big Horn has been very active in all the branches of Relief Society work. Each organization closed the regular meetings for the year by having a social, and at this the guests of honor were the Pioneers of each locality. The entertainment consisted of a program, luncheon, and social hour. The hardships relative to the pioneering and settling of Big Horn had been so recent in the experiences of all present, that keen sympathy was felt and the joys and sorrows of this experience formed a part of the life story of those present. All were thrilled with the great development that has taken place, and the feeling is that the Big Horn pioneers take second place only to the Utah pioneers.

In connection with the annual convention, a Work and Business exhibit was held the day previous. Each ward was asked to arrange its own booth, which was done in a manner exceeding the fondest hopes. The Thermopolis branch of the Western States Mission cooperated with Big Horn stake upon this oc-

casion, and a special meeting was held at 2 o'clock. On this particular occasion President Louise Y. Robison, General President of the Relief Society, was in attendance. That evening all the Relief Society workers were given the opportunity of meeting the General President.

During the Fall a vacation was enjoyed by the Relief Society. The month of October saw the culmination of the project "Every Home a Garden." About 98% of the families in this locality participated in the project, and a great amount of produce was conserved for Winter use. The latest project of the stake is "Improving Our Meeting Places." The sisters of Relief Society have attacked this problem with the same enthusiasm that has been exemplified in others, and the meeting houses have been overhauled and the unpleasant features removed. Altogether a most inviting appearance will soon be presented in most of the meeting houses of the organizations.

Hawaiian Mission:

FROM far away Hawaii comes the greetings and news of a general Relief Society conference which was held at Wailuku, Mauri, October 24, 1930, where all the conferences of the Islands were represented and reported to be in good condition. There are 48 branches of Relief Society in the Hawaiian Mission, and all are fully organized and functioning properly. They are certainly to be commended for their large treasuries, for their care of the poor, although most of the sisters of the organization are poor themselves, but they follow the admonition to give until it hurts.

Since the general Relief Society conference in October, representatives of Relief Society have made a tour of the islands, and the spirit among the people is wonderful.

The Relief Societies of Honolulu met together in the latter part of December, and had the very unusual experience of a visit from two of the General Board members, Mrs. Jennie B. Knight and Mrs. Lalene H. Hart, who were visiting in Honolulu. There were also President and Mrs. Chipman of the Alpine stake, and Dr. and Mrs. George H. Brimhall of the Brigham Young University. A very hearty welcome was extended to them. Wonderful testimonies were borne and altogether it was a very delightful experience for the guests and for the native sisters of Honolulu.

South African Mission:

FROM another far distant quarter comes the news that the Relief Society work is a great factor in missionary labors. It goes right to the heart and helps. Many people in this part of the world are becoming interested, and are able to see the application of Gospel teachings through the ministration of Relief Society. There is a great work for the Priesthood and the Relief Society organizations. They must take care of the poor and needy, and while there are many obstacles in the way of accomplishing all that may be desired, the Relief Society does much to bring about good will among the people, and interest them in the work that is so important. Many of the people are turning their attention to this, and are lending their efforts toward the furtherance of the work. There are seven organizations already completed in the South African Mission, and three more are in process of organization. Many of the members live a long way from the branches, but they are anxious to do their part and send their con-

tributions and labors in to be used for the benefit of the people. All are anxious to get help and to know how best to carry on the work.

Northern States Mission:

Members of the Linton Branch Relief Society. Rena Keller, Nellie Centers, Chloe Lawrence, Pauline Lawrence

THE above picture was sent to the office some time ago, but it shows the type of women who are interested in the great Relief Society work. From the president of the Northern States Mission we get a report of the very excellent work the organization is doing. At this time, however, the Relief Society appreciates the very sad situation of finding so many people out of work. While the sisters have been brave and kept their organization together, it has been impossible for them to do as much in a financial way as they would like to do. However, the spirit has been very brave and fine. There is a new organization at West Frankfort, Illinois. These sisters are living in the Illinois mining district, where most or all the men are out of work. The President, Sister Allie Y. Pond, made a call for old clothing, and the response was wonderful. Six boxes of good clothing were sent from the Logan Square branch, and some of the others which had a surplus. After looking after the needy in their own branches they helped many families who were not even in the Church. In the big home for incurable diseases were many poor souls who had no one to look after them. The Relief Society donated some of the warm underwear and clothing that was given to the Relief Society, to this home, and caused feelings of gratitude in the hearts of the unfortunate who were made happy through the generosity of the Relief Society sisters. After all this was done, word came that a woman out away from any Relief Society was destitute, and there were six little children in the family who could not go to school because of lack of clothing. When the president reported this to the Relief Society within a few days two large boxes of clothing were on their way to supply their needs. This sister, after three weeks, reported that she had sewed night and day, and now all her children were ready for school, and her gratitude was unbounded. These are only a few of the examples that are taken from the wonderful report submitted by the Mission President. The sisters of the organization have responded most generously, those who had it to give, and loving service has accompanied the donations. All of the Relief Societies are busy

in preparation of programs for the 17th of March. Really and truly Relief Society work is wonderful, and the women who put their heart and interest in it are able to accomplish a marvelous work, both among their sisters in this world, and in the sight of our Father in Heaven.

Notes to the Field

Social Service Institutes:

The General Board is delighted with the whole-hearted response of 46 stakes in sending representatives to take six weeks of intensive training in social service work, preparatory to doing more efficient service in this important line of our activity. The following stakes sent representatives to the first institute, which was held from Aug. 18 to Sept. 27, 1930: Bear River, Benson, Box Elder, Cache, East Jordan, Ensign, Granite, Kolob, Liberty, Lehi, Logan, Morgan, Mt. Ogden, North Weber, Oneida, Ogden, Palmyra, Pioneer, Salt Lake, South Davis, Summit, Weber, West Jordan.

Delegates from the following stakes were in attendance at the second institute, which was held from Jan. 5 to Feb. 14, 1931: Alpine, Bannock, Bear Lake, Boise, Cottonwood, Deseret, Fremont, Grant, Hyrum, Idaho, Idaho Falls, Minidoka, Millard, Nebo, North Davis, Parowan, Portneuf, Raft River, Rigby, Sevier, St. George, Teton, Timpanogos.

We wish to especially mention Bannock, Bear Lake, Boise, Fremont, Idaho, Idaho Falls, Minidoka, Parowan, Portneuf, Raft River, Rigby, St. George, and Teton stakes, because they sent such splendid representatives on very short notice. Some stakes that had been invited to attend the second institute were unable to accept the invitation and then letters of invitations were sent to the above mentioned stakes and their response was very wholehearted.

The women selected by the stakes were of the finest type—earnest, dependable, efficient, thoughtful. They read, studied, listened to lectures, until they felt full to overflowing. They discussed questions in an intelligent way and did able field work. New interests were aroused, new trends of thought begun. They delved into the field of social literature and their appetites were whetted to want more. Their vision was expanded so that they returned to their homes seeing the vastness of the field of social work and its tremendous possibilities. Delightful friendships were formed, and when they returned to their dear ones who had sacrificed that they might leave their homes for six weeks, they were better wives and mothers and daughters and infinitely better fitted to serve in their communities. We wish to thank those who came and those who made it possible for them to come, and feel sure that all will feel abundantly repaid because of the growth that came to them during this period of intensive work.

We wish them every success in their work and hope that the same spirit that actuated them during their sojourn in Salt Lake will continue with them in their stake work.

Our Responsibility:

The great responsibility given the Relief Society by the Presiding Bishopric, is a challenge to all Relief Society officers to be prepared.

Read carefully paragraph two in the pamphlet compiled by the Presiding Bishopric—*Ward Charity*—

Details of Administration. A copy of this was sent to every Bishop, and later General Board members carried copies into the stakes for all Ward Presidents.

After the announcement, "the Ward Bishopric are responsible for the care of the worthy poor," and "the Relief Society labor under their direction," is the startling statement, "the Bishopric should refer all cases to the Relief Society for investigation." This requires careful and prayerful preparation. We urge each Stake to be ready to give helpful assistance to Ward Presidents when the Priesthood Authorities of the Stake ask for cooperation. It is one of the most important assignments ever given to Relief Society.

Bring in Young People:

The members of the General Board, in visiting the celebrations held in honor of the anniversary of the organization of the Relief Society, were delighted that many young people were brought into the programs, some as ushers, others as participants in the musical programs, or in the pageants and pictures. This is a most desirable thing as it brings freshness and brightness to the Relief Society program, and brings to the young people an understanding of and a love for the Relief Society work.

Forget It

By Sarah C. Maeser

Is some trait of your neighbor's distasteful to you?
Forget it.
Is he getting more favors than you think his due?
Forget it.
You have your own questions and problems to solve,
Your own goal to strive for, and plans to evolve.
Don't waste your time airing his faults, but resolve
To forget it.

Are you hurt by some careless or slighting remark?
Forget it.
Does hate in your soul try to kindle a spark?
Forget it.
Are you prone over wrong and injustice to brood?
Turn quickly your thoughts to the lovely and good;
And should aught that's impure ever seek to intrude,
Forget it.

Let no evil passion encumber your life,
Forget it.
Be it vanity, jealousy, anger, or strife,
Forget it.
For life's well supplied with most beautiful things,
And harmony sweet through each avenue rings,
If we learn to pass by what e'er dissonance brings,
And forget it.

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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EDITORIAL

Easter

THROUGHOUT Christendom again is celebrated Eastertide. The glad message, "He is risen," rings out from choir and pulpit. Again is told to reverent worshippers the story of his victory over death and the grave, and in glad exultation people remember that because he arose they too shall come forth from the tomb.

What dramatic contrasts the crucifixion and resurrection offer. 'Midst brutal jeers and cruel suffering, with all the contumely that scoffers could think of, he was led to the hill of crucifixion. He endured the sarcasm and scorn of the soldiers, a crown of thorns was placed on his head, a purple cloak was flung around his shoulders in derision of his kingship. He was scourged and hailed in mockery, "King of the Jews." "Ha, thou that destroyest the temple and buildest it in three days, save thyself and come down from the cross." His divinity showed itself when under such treatment he could fervently pray, "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do." Then came the final agony and the lingering death. His torn flesh, his cramped muscles, the weight of his body pulling against the nails, tortured him almost beyond endurance, and in agony he cried out, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Then came the final glorious, victorious cry, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit." Night descended. The three crosses stood out in bold relief on Calvary.

The disciples assembled. What could they say to one another? Jesus whom they had expected to redeem Israel was gone; all their hopes had vanished.

AS soon as the first day of the week dawned, Mary Magdalene and the other Mary hastened to the sepulchre. They were fearful when they saw the stone rolled away, but an angel whose countenance was like lightning and whose raiment was white as snow, said to them, "Fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified. He is not here: for he is risen, as he said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay. And go quickly, and tell his disciples that he is risen from the dead; and, behold, he goeth before you into Galilee; there shall ye see him: lo, I have told you." (Matt. 28:5-7.) Joy winged their feet as they hastened to proclaim the great message. On the way Jesus saluted them with "All hail." As they worshipped at his feet, he said unto them, "Be not afraid: go tell my brethren that they go into Galilee, and there shall they see me: (Matt. 28:10.) When the eleven disciples went into Galilee, as directed, Jesus appeared among them and they worshipped him. Then he gave them this wonderful commission: "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." (Matt. 28:18-20.)

Eight days passed. Again he visited his assembled disciples. To the doubting Thomas he said, "Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hand, and thrust it into my side: and be not faithless, but believing." A third time, at the sea of Tiberias, he visited his disciples, and through following his instructions, their net was so filled with fish that they could not draw it. After dining with them, he asked Peter, "Lovest thou me more than these?" "Yea, Lord; thou knowest that I love thee," said the disciple. As a test of his love he was admonished, "Feed my lambs," and to make as emphatic as possible that this was the test of true love, a second and third time he admonished, "Feed my sheep."

Thus again and again did the risen Lord appear to his loved apostles, giving proof that he had indeed risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that sleep.

Anna Garlin Spencer

IN the passing of Anna Garlin Spencer a most inspiring leader left us. She has been a pillar of strength to the National Council of Women of the United States, and has been a potent factor in advancing its purposes. Although past eighty years of age, she was the outstanding figure at the Council gathering held February 3 and 4, 1931.

Miss Lena Madesin Phillips, president of the National Council of Women, pays her this tribute:

"The National Council of Women has suffered a great loss in the death of its beloved leader, Dr. Anna Garlin Spencer. Her love for the Council through many years of invaluable service, tirelessly given, and her hopes for its future will serve as a perpetual memorial and

source of inspiration to those of us who follow humbly in her footsteps, with the light of her great vision to serve as our guide, and the memory of her enthusiasm to spur us on to greater effort."

All those who have represented the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association and the Relief Society at National Council gatherings have come home with words of praise and love for this able, distinguished and understanding woman.*

She was interested in all that pertains to the welfare of mankind. An able writer, a forceful speaker, she championed many causes and helped to establish better conditions.

At her funeral, Dr. Lon R. Call said:

"Such people never die. In our own lives we give them immortality. Let us arise and take up the work they have left unfinished, and preserve the treasures they have won, and round out the circuit of their being to the fulness of an ampler orbit in our own. Such an effort on our part will be our best tribute. Thereby the force and flow of their action and work may be carried over the gulfs of death and made immortal in the true and healthy life which they worthily had and used.

"When are the good so powerful to guide and to quicken as after death has withdrawn them from us, when we feel that the seal is set upon what was made perfect in their souls? They take their place like stars in a region of purity and peace."

Another Victory for the Eighteenth Amendment

Some time ago Federal Judge William Clark of New Jersey startled the country by claiming that the eighteenth amendment had been improperly ratified. We rejoice that the Supreme Court of the United States has vigorously and emphatically upheld the constitutionality of the amendment. We hope that in the future lawmakers everywhere will strive more vigorously to enforce this law and that its beneficial effects will be more and more widely observed.

Something for nothing is not a principle of eternal justice. We pay for what we get, even from the Divine Giver—pay to the limit of our ability to pay; and He does the rest, the part that we cannot do.

Parents of the wilful and the wayward! Do not give them up. Do not cast them off. They are not utterly lost. They have but strayed in ignorance from the Path of Right, and God is very merciful to ignorance. Only the fulness of knowledge brings the fulness of accountability. Our Heavenly Father is far more merciful, infinitely more charitable, than the best of his servants, and the Everlasting Gospel is mightier in power to save than our narrow, finite minds can comprehend.—From "Through Memory's Halls," by O. F. Whitney.

*In a later issue of our Magazine Mrs. Amy Brown Lyman will give a sketch of her life.

Lesson Department

Theology and Testimony

(First Week in June)

Book of Mormon—The Jaredite People

Assignment

Read the "Book of Ether" in the *Book of Mormon.* It will help you to acquire clear ideas on the subject if you read also what is said in the *Dictionary of the Book of Mormon* about Jared, his brother, and Ether; and chapters six and seven in the *Message and Characters of the Book of Mormon,* also the story of the Jaredites as told in this last reference, pages 40-44.

Outline

I. Conditions in the Old World.
   1. Social conditions.
   2. Time and place.
   3. The Tower of Babel.
   4. Jared and his brother.
   5. The journey to the New World.

II. Conditions in the New World.
   1. Growth of the community.
   2. Political government.
   3. Religious government.
   4. Death of the leaders.

III. Jared and his brother.
   1. Life of each separately.
   2. Dissimilarities between them.
   3. Outstanding quality in each.

IV. Later history.
   1. The kings.
   2. Social and religious conditions.
   3. Causes of decline.
   4. Ether, the prophet-historian.
   5. The end of the nation.

V. Ideas in the book.
   1. About the relations between man and God.
   2. About the pre-earth life.
   3. About political government.
   4. About the land of America.

The Story

The story opens in Babylon, about four thousand years ago. It was after the Great Flood, of which the *Bible* tells us, when Noah and his family were saved.

For some reason—maybe fear from another flood—the people in Babylon erected a high tower. The Lord, however, we are informed, confounded their language, so that they were unable to understand one another. This is why it is now called the Tower of Babel—which means confusion.

In Babylon were the families of two brothers—Jared and Moriancumr. At Jared's request Moriancumr prayed for the Lord to allow them to retain their language, and then to permit their friends to retain theirs also; finally he prayed that God would lead them all to another place. All these prayers were granted.

Presently this small colony was led to the land which we now call America. They crossed the great ocean in eight barges, or ships, which they made for the purpose under the guidance of the Lord. On landing here they formed a government—a kingdom it turned out to be before the death of the brothers.

Here the Jaredites lived as a nation for about fourteen hundred years—that is, from around 2000 B. C. to about 600 B. C. They had a great many kings during this period; they cultivated agriculture,

built houses, smelted ore, and even had a process, it seems, of making glass; and they carried on a government and a religion. Also they exercised the same virtues and human weaknesses, privately and publicly, as people have done before them and since. Prophets arose to warn them of impending calamities if they persisted in sin. One of these was Ether, who also made a history of his people from the beginning.

The end of this nation was very dramatic—for they did not heed the warnings of their prophet. Civil war broke out over the question as to who should be king—Coriantumr or Shiz. The whole nation—men, women, and children—was arrayed in battle on one side or the other; and they fought till only the two aspirants for the kingship remained alive to carry on the battle. In the end Coriantumr cut off the head of Shiz, and then wandered about till he ran into the Mulekites, who had not been in the land very long. To them he told the sad tale of the decline and destruction of his people. It is probably the only instance—certainly it is the clearest case—of the suicide of a nation.

Notes

1. *The Pre-earth Life*: In the record of the Jaredite nation we get the clearest view of the pre-earth existence to be found in sacred literature.

While the Jaredite colony was yet in the wilderness of the Old World, Jesus Christ apeared in spirit-form to Moriancumr. This was, of course, before his incarnation in the flesh. The brother of Jared gathered from this vision that the spirit is in the form of the body, that the spirits of all men had a pre-earth life, and that the spirit itself is a spiritual tabernacle. It is one of the greatest revelations ever given to any mortal. You will find it in chapter 3 of "Ether."

2. *The Land of America*: Another idea of great significance concerns the continent we have come to call America.

To the Jaredites, as to the Nephites after them, it was the Land of Promise, just as Palestine was to the Israelites. It was a place peculiarly blessed of God, dedicated as a land of freedom. Over and over again is this idea stated in the *Book of Mormon,* especially in the "Book of Ether." But it was to be a free country, politically, socially, and religiously, only on certain conditions. These conditions are thus stated by Moroni, and he sets them down mainly for the benefit of those who should read the Nephite record in our time:

"Behold, this is a land which is choice above all other lands; wherefore he that doth possess it shall serve God or be swept off. * * * Whatsoever nation shall possess it shall be free from bondage, and from captivity, and from all other nations under heaven—if they will but serve the God of the land, who is Jesus Christ."

Here is a patriotic view of America, the like of which has never been expressed elsewhere in any literature, and it furnishes a splendid background for what Nephi the First says about its discovery in modern times, about God fighting on the side of the "Gentiles who had been separated from the mother country," and also for what our own prophet says concerning the inspiration of the Constitution of the United States.

3. *The Two Brothers*: In Jared and Moriancumr we have two very remarkable characters.

In one respect they are alike—they both have supreme faith in God. But in all other respects they

are different. Jared is a leader in matters that belong to the material world; Moriancumr, in things of the spirit. This is clear from all details we have in that swift narrative, the "Book of Ether."

Jared it is who sees that the small group of believers can do nothing unless they have the same language, that it would be useless for them to remain in the old home, and, after their arrival in the Promised Land, that the people ought to have their say as to the form of government they are to have, even if that is to be an unlimited monarchy. But he has enough faith in God to request his brother to find out from Him just what to do in each of these situations. For generally it is at his request that information comes to the colony through Moriancumr.

Moriancumr, on the other hand, was highly spiritual in his nature. He was what we would call today "psychic." That is, he was more susceptible to spiritual truth than most persons—specifically, than his brother Jared. He therefore became a medium between Jared and God. Indeed, he was one of the most spiritually susceptible men of whom we have any record. Said Jesus to him on the occasion of his visitation to him, "Never have I showed myself unto man whom I have created, for never has man believed in me as thou hast." And Moroni comments —"Because of the knowledge of this man, he could not be kept from beholding within the veil."

4. *Moroni and Ether*: In the reading of the "Book of Ether" extreme care must be exercised to distinguish between what the prophet Ether says and what the translator Moroni adds by way of comment.

Usually a translator sticks to his text; he does not make any comments on what he is translating; and if he deems it necessary to do that, he puts his notes at the bottom of the page, instead of in with the matter he is translating. That, at least, is what Moroni would do today. But this is not what he does in his rendering of the history of the Jaredites on the plates before him. And sometimes these comments are both long and valuable. It is as if Moroni were translating for a reader who has to have things pointed out to him, so that he will be sure not to miss anything. Or, possibly, it is because he realizes that he is boiling down his narrative to such an extent as to make it hard to follow. At any rate, it becomes necessary to discriminate between the text translated and the notes of the translator.

5. *A Bit of Evidence*: Moroni's part in the composition of the *Book of Mormon* is extremely varied. This is what he gives us—(1) The rest of the history of his people; (2) a translation and abridgment of the record of the Jaredites, in the "Book of Ether;" (3) some letters from his father to himself, while the war between the Nephites and the Lamanites was in progress, thus giving us a first-hand account of events he did not see; and (4) the exact wording of some of the religious forms used in his day—baptism, for instance, and the Lord's supper.

This is exactly as it would be, if we take into consideration the circumstances under which Moroni wrote his part of the book. Had Joseph Smith been imagining all this, it would most likely have been different. There would not, one would think, be so many afterthoughts. As it is, there is what the teachers of English call "verisimilitude" especially striking in this part of the narrative. We get from a reading of this section of the *Book of Mormon*, that is, a sense of reality which we could not get if

Joseph Smith had made it all up instead of giving an actual situation.

If, therefore, the *Book of Mormon* be a work of fiction as unbelievers would have us think, then the Prophet must have had a most vivid imagination to have sensed so clearly a situation so realistic as the one Moroni is supposed to have been in. For, considering the conditions, Moroni does exactly what he must do under the circumstances.

Questions

1. Tell briefly the story of the Jaredites from the time of the tower till the end of the nation.
2. Compare and contrast the downfall of the Jaredites and that of the Nephites. What appears to have been the cause in each case?
3. Make two lists of famous characters in religion—one that might be headed by Jared and another that might be headed by Moriancumr. One might begin with Joseph Smith and Brigham Young, for instance.
4. Are we in any way influenced in our conduct by the statements in the *Book of Mormon* concerning the Promised Land—its discovery, its colonization, its dedication to freedom? If so, point out this influence specifically. What is the meaning of the phrase "serve the God of the land, who is Jesus Christ"? Is America now serving the God of this land? How?

Work and Business

TEACHER'S TOPIC FOR JUNE

OUR RESPONSIBILITY TO OURSELVES

"Our education should be such as to improve our minds and fit us for increased usefulness, to make us of greater service to the human family, to enable us to improve our methods of living, speaking and thinking."—*Brigham Young.*

"The one duty of life is to lessen every vice and enlarge every virtue by education."—*David Swing.*

"Real education is measured by our ability to get along with others and to be interested in others rather than getting others interested in us."—*Wiggam.*

"All love for others begins by a wise love for self."—*Dwight Hillis.*

"The Divine Teacher asks each youth to love and make the most of himself that later on he may be bread to the hungry, medicine to the wounded, shelter to the weak."—*Dwight Hillis.*

We have an obligation to develop ourselves to the highest possible attainments:

I. Intellectually

By careful and systematic study. (A short time each day devoted to systematic study soon accomplishes much.)

By keeping abreast of the times and what is going on in the world, and discussing it with the family.

By taking an interest in the studies of the husband and children. (How much more interesting a husband's study becomes when he is joined in it by his wife, and how

much more interesting a boy's lesson, if his mother can take part in its discussion and add encouragement as he studies.)

By reading well chosen books, and attending lectures, etc.

By reading of the accomplishments of women.

II. Spiritually

By studying and applying the gospel.

By reading and studying the life of the Master.

By taking advantage of the Relief Society lessons.

By making the most of the opportunities for service, as exemplified by Christ's life of loving service.

III. Physically

By keeping physically fit. (Emphasize self-care and self-love.)

By realizing that we are responsible for our own growth and happiness and for the growth and development of those about us.

By proper diet and health habits, including exercise.

By regarding the Word of Wisdom as a guide to health.

By caring for personal appearance.

By developing personality.

Literature

(Third Week in June)

LESSON IX—THE SHORT STORY IN ITALY

Suggested Story

"The Falcon." by Giovanni Boccaccio (Bōk-kä′-chō), from the "Decameron."

Few countries are as rich in stories and story tellers as is Italy. This lesson, however, will deal with only one writer of tales, Giovanni Boccaccio. In spite of the fact that for many years Boccaccio's works, including his "Decameron," were kept in dark places, if kept at all, he is the one Italian writer who has done most to influence Italy and other European countries in the art of short story writing.

Dante, writer of the "Divine Comedy," who is to Italy what Chaucer and Shakespeare are to English speaking countries, was the first great figure in Italian literature. He was a poet and it was left to Boccaccio, born about half a century later, to become the first great writer of Italian prose. The novela, or short story, which he developed, seemed to be exactly suited to the Italian temperament, and for three hundred years it was carefully developed.

When the Renaissance declined, story telling as an art, fell into disrepute, and it was not until the 19th century, with the naturalist, Verga, whose fame would rest on his story of "Cavalleria Rusticana" alone, that the short story again became one of the prominent arts. Today, Italy has, like America, numberless writers of the short story.

Out of all the stories in the text, Boccaccio's tale of "The Falcon" has been chosen for two reasons: It is one of the loveliest stories found in any language; and it was written by a man who helped to bring about the Renaissance in literature and who has profoundly influenced writers all over the civilized world.

Indeed, the literature of modern

Europe as distinguished from that of medieval times began with three Italian poets—Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio, for Boccaccio was also a poet. Several characteristics made these men modern. They all had a firm grasp on the form they developed; they all projected their personalities into their art (medieval writing very often does not reflect the personality of the writer—it is too apt to be vague and dreamy); and their natural vigor lifted writing into the world of facts.

Dante chose to write the drama of the human soul, Petrarch of the heart, and Boccaccio of the field that is every day life—man as he is. Out of these three spheres, Dante gave the world the epic, Petrarch the lyric, and Boccaccio the novel.

And so great was the genius of these men that their work is final. Many have learned from the three Italians, but none have excelled. It was from them that modern literature came.

Strangely they were all born in Florence, Dante in 1265, Petrarch in 1304, and Boccaccio in 1313. The "Divine Comedy," the "Canzoniere," and the "Decameron" represent the best of all three.

Boccaccio's father was a merchant, and it is supposed that his mother was French. Whether he is legitimate no student has been able to determine fully. Boccaccio's class, the lower middle one, was in the ascendancy at the time of his birth, and he, himself, exerted more influence over his successors for three hundred years than did the two other men, though in force of genius and character he was third.

Perhaps the reason for his sway was that more than the other poets, he anticipated the future. Instead of using mystic and abstract ideals, he substituted sensual and concrete men, and in his younger years he frankly abandoned theological and political doctrine for men and nature as they are, particularly in their lesser moments.

The Italians of the Renaissance sought for pleasure above all else, and Boccaccio portrayed life as they wanted to find it.

But Boccaccio was not altogether of the pleasure loving world. It was he who did so much to bring Greek studies into Europe, and he devoted much of his life in aiding Petrarch, the man who brought back humanism and scholarship and who gave us the modern intellectual ideal.

Little is known of Giovanni Boccaccio's early life. It is fairly well established that his father sought to make him a merchant, and for six years the boy was in service to a great trader. Boccaccio, however, cared for little save poetry, and if he had been allowed to follow his desire, he might have been a poet alone, and not the greatest in Italy either.

For six more years after the merchant-service, he studied ecclesiastical law, producing poetry in moments when he should have been working. When he was old Boccaccio wrote of these early years: "It is unbecoming and indecent for anybody to attempt that which he cannot believe himself capable of performing. Consequently since, I think God was pleased to make literature my vocation, and in this I am determined to persevere."

After Boccaccio had served his second six years, he went to Naples and definitely pursued literature. It was here that he met the lady renowned in literature as Fiametta and who so profoundly influenced his writing.

Boccaccio first met her in the church of San Lorenzo in 1338, on Easter Eve. She was a few years

older and married to a nobleman. Another of the indefinite things about Boccaccio is that no one has been able to determine whether he knew this lady intimately or if he loved her from afar as Dante did Beatrice and Petrarch Laura.

Soon after his arrival at Naples, he was invited to the most distinguished homes. He made friends among the noble and the celebrated and he was early renowned as a brilliant story teller, and both qualities helped him in his social life.

All of his early work can be traced to the influence of Fiametta, whom he must have met at some of the homes in Naples. Even when her influence was on the wane at the time he was writing the "Decameron," he paid homage to her.

In 1344 (or 43) he returned to Florence, but his father's second or third marriage caused him to hurry back to Naples. Here Joanna, one of the most dissolute rulers of all time, was upon the throne. This strange woman, whose life was so licentious, was also a patron of the arts, and it was at her command that Boccaccio wrote the "Decameron."

Southern Italy at this time was torn by war, famine, and pestilence. The Black Death raged through Naples, and Boccaccio again returned home—this time no doubt to attend to his inheritance. His father had died from the Plague.

It was the Plague at Florence that gave him the setting for the "Decameron." In his book a group of pleasure loving people left the ghastly city for the safety of a beautiful garden in the country. They were to forget Death, who was forever approaching them, by telling stories. The "Decameron" contains the stories.

These stories relate of human experience, but Boccaccio does not trouble to probe the meaning of the experiences. He uses light but stinging satire, and the church, matrimony, and other sacred institutions are not spared. Because of his satire, many people have believed that the "Decameron" was a subtle attack on the Catholic Church, and for that reason the book is on the banned list.

Boccaccio, perhaps, had no such idea. He was a Catholic in good standing, and at that time there was no danger of separation in the church. Everyone belonged, and people were accustomed to speak freely of it. It was only in another century, when the Reformation was upon Europe, that the "Decameron" was exiled.

Men who have spent years in investigating the sources of the "Decameron" have concluded that few of its tales were original with Boccaccio—that they came from many lands and people. Story telling was much in vogue during the Middle Ages, and Boccaccio gathered and preserved these tales. To them he gave his great art, and he made a complete book, written in a stately and beautiful style, and one that touched the heights, and depths, the pomp and misery, and the pleasures and sorrows of human life. It is no mistake to call it the "human comedy."

Some years after the "Decameron" Boccaccio wrote a book that was displeasing to his readers, even then, and two years later a strange thing happened to him. In the summer of 1361 a Carthusian Monk named Pietro died. Before he died he asserted that he had had a vision that must be communicated to Boccaccio and several other celebrated men of the times. Warning was then sent to Boccaccio and the others that unless they repented and changed their ways, they should be

damned—that they were already hovering over the brink of hell.

Boccaccio's first reaction was to give up his library and studies to become a monk. Luckily, Petrarch, who was a close friend of Boccaccio, hurried from Padua to advise moderation. Petrarch pointed out that poetry and literature, in themselves, are not displeasing to God. Boccaccio continued with his studies, but he wrote no more tales of life in its frailer moments.

He became saddened and pious, and counseled his friends to forget the "Decameron"—by means of which he lives today. With his interest in poetry gone, he turned to scholarship and to service in the church. In old age he suffered much from bodily afflictions, but his work continued. One of his labors was to lecture at Florence on Dante and to write a life of the great poet. It was at this time, also, that he did many of his Greek translations. He died at Certaldo, December 21, 1375, about a year after Petrarch's death, and was buried in the Certaldo church.

To the Teacher

"The Falcon" is a love story of the romantic and idealistic type. It is the story of a man who heedlessly gave away the greater part of his possessions to gain the love of a woman, and who, through his desire to serve her, unknowingly sacrificed the last and most beloved of his possessions just when she most needed this bit of property. All of us at some time or another throw away something that at a later time we dearly need, so that there is no difficulty in understanding the appeal of Boccaccio's story. The story is saved from tragedy by Federigo's gaining the love of the lady he had despaired of so long. If the main interest had been centered about the lady or her small son, the ending could not have been so happy, but the reader is so anxious to see Federigo succeed that his attention is not particularly drawn to the boy's death.

Questions

1. Is "The Falcon" a true short story? Explain your answer. In what way does Boccaccio's art, as shown in this story, differ from modern short story writing?
2. What customs mentioned are characteristic of Italy in the fourteenth century?
3. How has Boccaccio overcome the difficulty of his story's covering a number of years?
4. Are the details of the story presented fully enough to be convincing?
5. What acts of Federigo's help most to reveal his character?
6. Is this a satisfactory love story? Give reasons for your answer.
7. In what way is the love story idealistic?

Alfred Tennyson thought this story so beautiful that he wrote a one-act play in verse using the same theme. The play is beautifully written and makes the motives, situations, and characters more clearly defined. Some teachers may prefer the play to the story. It will help the teacher in the interpretation of the story to read the play first.

The last Italian story in the text, Deledda's "Two Miracles" is a beautiful story, dealing with the religious customs of the people. The class members will enjoy this story if time will permit the reading of it.

Social Service

(Fourth Week in June

PERSONALITY STUDY: PROPER USE OF HUMOR

Based on Overstreet's Influencing Human Behavior, pp. 256-277

"Humor is a powerful factor in influencing behavior," says the author of our text. A writer in the field of business psychology says that "it is extremely difficult to handle humor successfully, and when not used successfully it is very likely to do positive harm." (Strong.) These two quotations express very clearly the keynote of this lesson. The definite implication is that we may well cultivate a sense of humor and that we should learn how it may be used more effectively.

The subject of mirthful behavior, to many may seem very trifling, yet it is a fact that great men like Aristotle, Hobbes, Kant, Schopenhauer, Spencer and Bergson have seriously tried to understand the causes of laughter and whole volumes have been written by way of exposition of their findings. Their views are couched briefly in such phrases as "imitation * * * of a lower type," "theory of superiority," "nullification of expectation," "theory of incongruity," "an effort which suddenly encounters a void," "the appearance of mechanical inelasticity in human life," etc.

Ours is a practical interest, so it will not be appropriate to dwell on the merely theoretical aspects of this very interesting and important general topic. However, we do want to know something of the conditions which make for mirthful behavior as well as something of the social effectiveness of humor, and how we may avoid certain common mistakes in relation to its use.

We may begin with a brief quotation from a valuable discussion of this subject by Bogardus:

"In order to see the humorous side of life one must enjoy a fair degree of physical health and of mental exuberance. If he has suffered long hours of tedious labor without sleep, if he has been the victim of recent financial reverses, if loved ones are dangerously ill, the mirthful self is likely to be quiescent. The play tendencies and the social spirit are fundamental to the expression of mirth." * * *

"Laughter is born of social contacts. Whenever two or more persons who are kindred spirits are gathered together under agreeable circumstances, they are likely to burst out into laughter at any moment. * * * A member of an adult group may laugh because he is unconsciously stimulated by the laughing of others. * * * Laughter sometimes results from the desire not to be conspicuous. The listener may fail to catch the point of a story, but joins in the group laughter. * * *

"Laughter is occasionally forced. An individual is insulted by a slighting remark. He does not want to recognize the incident, therefore he will parry the thrust by laughing. * * * Laughter is sometimes utilized to cover pain. One's pride may lead him to invoke a laughing mood. Pain is frequently camouflaged by laughter. Tears may be concealed by laughter." * * *

"Probably the most common cause of laughter is found in the incongruous actions of other individuals. A dog chases his tail, a boy with a basket of eggs falls down, a dignified man runs after his wind-blown hat—these are never-failing, mirth-provoking incongruities. * * Then there are incongruous ideas which are common causes of laughter, such

as (1) Illogical statements, (2) Grammatical and rhetorical errors, (3) Idiomatical and related mistakes, (4) The play on words, (5) Overstatement or understatement that is moderate and implied, (6) A sudden change from the serious to the trifling or ridiculous, and (7) Unintended suggestions." * * *

"To make fun of others constitutes an entirely different set of causes of laughter. * * * There is laughter which is simply ridicule—the individual is merely derided. * Then there is laughter which is purely and openly sarcastic, biting, and generally anti-social. Social ridicule of whatever degree is powerful because it directly affects the socially reflected self. Social laughter is a corrective. It arouses fear, and 'restrains eccentricity'."*

These brief quoted extracts on laughter are very inadequate as a sample of the way social psychologists discuss this interesting topic. However, a careful rereading of this material should stimulate considerable reflection and help in a measure to understand mirthful behavior, and the last paragraph especially suggests how at times the provoking of laughter may have considerable social importance in addition to the possible amusement afforded.

People who are more than superficially acquainted with the Bible know that it contains many situations that were intended perhaps to be humorous. Consider, for example, the answer of Job to his critics who had been parroting ancient so-called wisdom to him after the fashion of a Bromide. He says, "No doubt you are the men who know! Wisdom will die with you." Job 12:2, Moffat's translation.

Read in Amos 4:4-5 where the prophet tells the "unspiritual ritualists" to whom he is speaking to "come to Bethel, (a sanctuary) and transgress; to Gilgal, and multiply transgression; bring your sacrifices every morning, and your tithes every three days." Is he not poking fun at some of the respectabilities on which they have gone to seed? Or could any intelligent reader think that Jesus intended the plain implication of his answer recorded in Mark 2:17 to be taken seriously? The self-sufficient scribes of the Pharisees were questioning the propriety of Jesus eating and drinking with publicans and sinners. What effective irony is contained in his splendid answer and what a fine key it is into the insight which Jesus had as to the kind of people with whom reform may best be begun. When Jesus learned about the question and noted the self-satisfied anxiety of the delegation of scribes looking in at the feast he said to them, "They that are whole have no need of a physician, but they that are sick: I came not to call the righteous, but sinners." What do you suppose was the effect of this carefully worded reply? Certain it is that even our sacred literature illustrates how humor may be used with telling effect.

In the business world today it is recognized that humor if properly used may be very effective. Advertisers, a few years ago, who wished to promote the use of starched collars tried to convey the impression that most of the wearers of soft collars were down at the heels in their business. Said their advertising, "Almost all successful men wear stiff collars." It is clear that in this we have an effort to use humor to undermine the business of the manufacturers of soft and semi-soft collars. It is interesting to know that a humorous advertising appeal was used by the Van Heusen

*Reprinted from *Essentials of Social Psychology* by Emory S. Bogardus, with permission of the publisher, Jesse Ray Miller.

people by way of rebuttal and defense. They could not remain in dignified silence nor trust to an ordinary denial while their customers were being belittled in this way and dubbed as unsuccessful. Soon the reading public were smiling if not laughing at the expense of those who imitate with their uncomfortable collars the vain asceticism of those in days gone by when, for no good reason at all, such things as starched ruffs, hard-boiled shirts, etc., were worn. In a subordinate part of the advertisement it is pointed out by way of contrast that the present generation with its sensible appreciation of comfort as well as style, wears soft shirts with soft bosoms and soft cuffs, soft hats, etc. If you happen to remember this advertisement picturing "Ye Hall of Discomforts" with its judicious use of humor you will agree that it was very effective.

But let us not assume that successful business men use humor freely. As a matter of fact they exercise considerable self-restraint. A beginning store clerk is often cautioned about how he attempts to joke with the customers. It is easy by joking to give offense when it is really not intended. Humor is recognized as being so very difficult to apply successfully that one important advertising concern restricts the use of humor to only those advertisements where this sort of appeal has been specifically authorized by the president.

It is significant that one of the best recent discussions of the practical use of humor is entitled "Mistakes to Avoid in Using Humor."*

*See Webb and Morgan—"Strategy in Handling People" (1930), pp. 238-243. Publishers: Boulton, Pierce and Company, 232 East Erie Street, Chicago, Ill. Price $3.00. This book is a very interesting and helpful approach to the same general problem as that treated in our text.

It brings home to us again the fact that "humor is an edged tool; it can be used to fight with as well as to please." The characteristic feature of this consideration of the problem is the use of many illustrative examples culled from "incidents from the careers of successful men." Some of their conclusions arrived at which might supplement our text are expressed briefly as follows:

"We cannot go wrong with a joke on ourselves. We accomplish much the same result by joining in the laugh when someone else springs one on us. * * * It is giving a thought to the victim that able men make their humor effective in creating good will. They take care that their thrusts inflict no damage which they may regret. Kindly humor charms people and puts them at ease. It is perhaps unequalled as a means of relieving tension and drawing people together."

At the close of this season's work it may be of interest to many of the Relief Society members to know that it has been decided to use the same text for another year and to try by a slightly different series of lessons to master the material much more thoroughly. The Magazine lessons will have new content and an attempt will be made to make the work somewhat easier.

A Few of the Possible Problems For Discussion

1. Relate instances to illustrate the truth of the statement from Strong quoted in the first paragraph.

2. Read to the class and comment briefly on the quotation from Bogardus. Which paragraph do you regard as most significant? Why?

3. Why is it considered such a high compliment to say that a person has a fine sense of humor? If it is available read the interesting column on the "Sense of Joy" found in *The*

Nation for April 27, 1927, p. 468. Do you consider a sense of humor more important than a sense of joy as a "distinguishing mark of supremely and passionately happy persons?" Give reasons.

4. Under what circumstances is it justifiable to poke fun at the "solemn respectabilities" of people? What good, if any, do you suppose came out of the verses quoted in the text on page 260? Do you suppose they were intended to be merely amusing?

5. Two bromides, (See November *Magazine,* page 632) in this case a school teacher and a garrulous club woman had been relating publicly in church their experiences during a summer's trip abroad. Their remarks seemed so trifling and commonplace and unnecessarily prolonged that the chorister expressed his reaction by having the bishop announce that the closing song would be the hymn entitled, "Ye simple souls who stray." Do you suppose that the effects on the whole were good or were they bad? Do you regard the act as an unkindly thrust or a justified corrective? Make your comments in the light of what Overstreet says on the last half of page 262 and of what Bogardus says in the last paragraph quoted here in the *Magazine.*

6. Mention some of the delightful personal qualities of one who has cultivated a truly humorous attitude.

7. One of the many alleged "eleventh" commandments says. "Thou shalt not take thyself too—seriously." Comment on this especially in the light of the first half of page 266 in our text.

8. The writer has heard it said that in a certain theological class the members became very much exercised about the problem of the location of the ten lost tribes of Israel. After much discussion they sought for the final solution of the problem at the general church headquarters. The answer came promptly. It was about as follows: "We do not know where the ten lost tribes are. They are lost." Have you ever heard of similar profoundly trivial discussions where the participants had at least temporarily lost their sense of humor? How can such people be helped?

9. What do you think of the suggestion that humor is to be found in the Bible? Discuss some of the passages you are acquainted with where some form of humor is used. One writer characterizes Matt. 23:32 and Rev. 22:11 as "gravely ironical." What is your opinion of these passages? Do you know of any preachers who make effective use of humor in their sermons to further the cause of righteousness? Name them and relate an illustration or two.

10. Present as convincingly as you can the considerations which cause you to believe that we can successfully cultivate a system of habits that make for humor and actually break up those habits we have that tend to make us pitifully unhumorous.

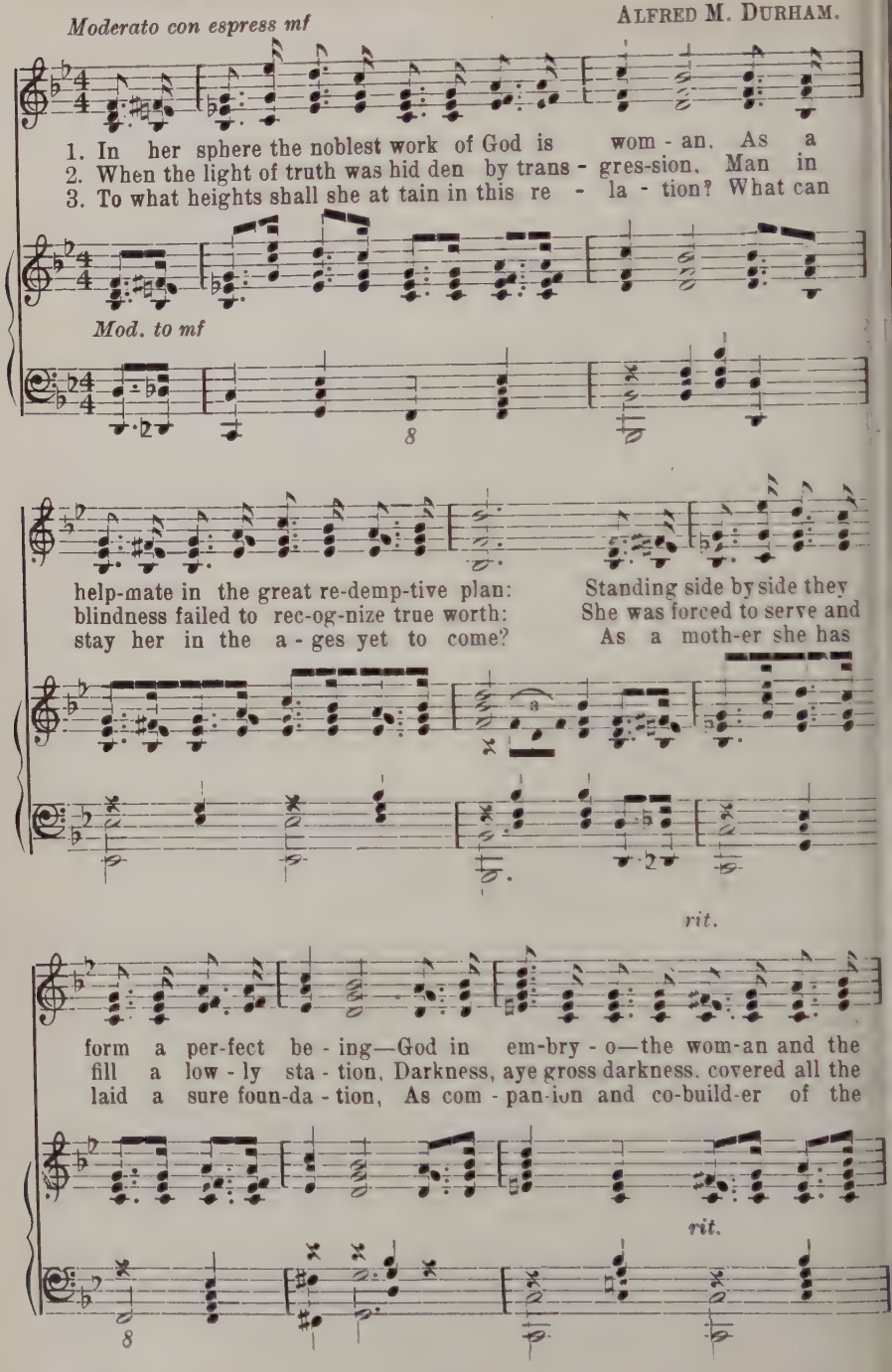
11. What to you is the best contribution you get from Chapter XVI of the text?

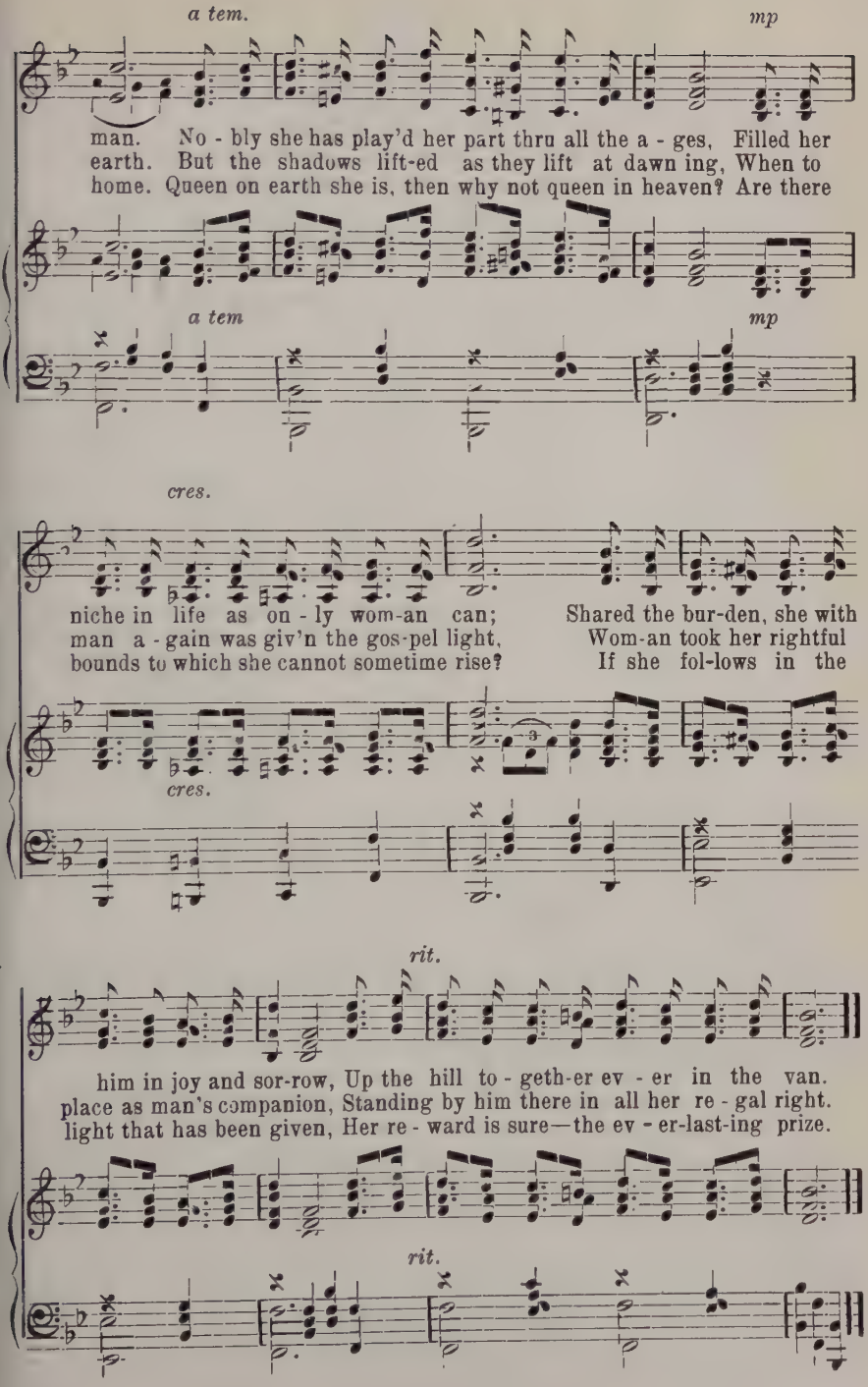
12. One of America's greatest educators says that we might well judge the value of educational activities by (1) the extent to which they stimulate a desire for continued growth and (2) the extent to which they furnish the necessary basis upon which further development may take place. Judged from these standards have you made this "social service" course a success? What are the evidences which would support your answer?

Woman

Three Part Chorus, written for and dedicated to the Salt Lake Stake Relief Society

ALFRED M. DURHAM.


Moderato con espress mf
1. In her sphere the noblest work of God is wom - an. As a
2. When the light of truth was hid den by trans - gres-sion. Man in
3. To what heights shall she at tain in this re - la - tion? What can
Mod. to mf
help-mate in the great re-demp-tive plan: Standing side by side they
blindness failed to rec-og-nize true worth: She was forced to serve and
stay her in the a - ges yet to come? As a moth-er she has
rit.
form a per-fect be - ing—God in em-bry - o—the wom-an and the
fill a low - ly sta - tion. Darkness, aye gross darkness, covered all the
laid a sure foun-da - tion, As com - pan-ion and co-build-er of the
rit.


a tem.
mp
man. No - bly she has play'd her part thru all the a - ges, Filled her
earth. But the shadows lift-ed as they lift at dawn ing, When to
home. Queen on earth she is, then why not queen in heaven? Are there
a tem
mp
cres.
niche in life as on - ly wom-an can; Shared the bur-den, she with
man a - gain was giv'n the gos-pel light, Wom-an took her rightful
bounds to which she cannot sometime rise? If she fol-lows in the
cres.
rit.
him in joy and sor-row, Up the hill to - geth-er ev - er in the van.
place as man's companion, Standing by him there in all her re - gal right.
light that has been given, Her re - ward is sure—the ev - er-last-ing prize.
rit.

Explore Your Mind

By Claire Stewart Boyer

"The aim of science, art and religion is forever the same—to bring the mind into possession of the truth, goodness and beauty of the world. The aim of science is to find a universe that works, the aim of art and religion is to find a universe that is significant." This statement which opens Mr. Wiggam's great book gives the scope of a mind that can see world problems in their true relationship and can state them, fearlessly and with a satisfying certainty. Mr. Wiggam is just as efficient in dealing with individual problems. He tells us that Character tests have proved that 80 per cent of the failures in life are due to things which the individual can control.

In addition to the physical, mental and emotional phases of personality he adds social intelligence and will power. Social intelligence is the ability to judge, appreciate and adjust. The person who can judge himself well, usually overestimates others. He is interested in others, makes human contacts easily and successfully, stirs others to enthusiasms. He is the inspirational type, the leader. He who judges others well, is the cold-blooded driver. He is interested most in himself. He should choose and hire employes but never direct them. He is the egoist. Overestimation of self reveals stupidity, good estimation of self reveals intelligence.

Desirable qualities in men seem to be linked together. The able person has common sense, sociability, talent and appreciation. "Rate yourself, compare yourself, with others," says Wiggam.

Success depends greatly upon will power. No one is denied a measure of success who will use this great force. Recreate your lost enthusiasms, overcome fear, develop the qualities you admire through using will power. One woman learned to use a paralyzed arm through will power. Fear shuts up the pathway of expression and response. It binds one to failure. Will power can overthrow fear. Don't let your feelings overcome you. Action is the remedy for the blues.

Only the self controlled person is free. Mental and emotional tests are now given for an estimate of the worth of an individual. If he has established definite, purposeful habits, coordinated and controlled them he will be an efficient human being.

Imagination, reason and memory are merely habit responses. If the memory is weak, the habit has not been well developed, has been mistreated or ignored. It is startling to know that the genius and the idiot think in the same way, only the higher mind makes connections of thought with thought in order to be able to retain and recall them, to build and create with them.

Few people even begin to live up to their possibilities. The object of vocational guidance is to make accomplishment run parallel to ability. To make the most of life, physical, mental, social, emotional and will habits should be carefully developed.

The establishment of these habits is education, and education is life.

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Them Sody Biskits

By Owen Woodruff Bunker

I like t'watch my Ma make pies,
  An' roll out ci'mon muffins.
I like t'see her mix th' dough
  Fer cake, nex' bes' t'nuthin.
I like t'see her stir th' stuff
  Fer gingerbread, an' fix
Th' raisins in, but tell th' truth
  I'd ruther see her mix
    Them Sody Biskits.

I like t'watch her pick a hen
  An' make a batch o' dumplin's,
'Nen stuff it full o' crum's an' sage,
  An' spice, an' salt, an' somethun'
Else she allus stuffs it with
  Away up in a 'twix',
But not s'good as standin' by
  A watchin' at her mix
    Them Sody Biskits.

I us't t'like it best uv all
  T' see her mix a batter
O' cookies up, an' bake 'em brown,
  'Nen pass 'em on a platter,
N'take th' leavin's from th' pan
  An' mix up five er six
O' quirlie cakes, but now I guess
  I'd ruther see her mix
    Them Sody Biskits.

There's somethun' 'bout the' dough 'at makes
  A feller git t'lovin'
'Em things a hour 'fore she gits
  'Em greased an' in th' oven,
An after all m'tellin' if
  She'll let me have m'picks,
I'll take a place up clost t'Ma
  So's I can watch 'er mix
    Them Sody Biskits.

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